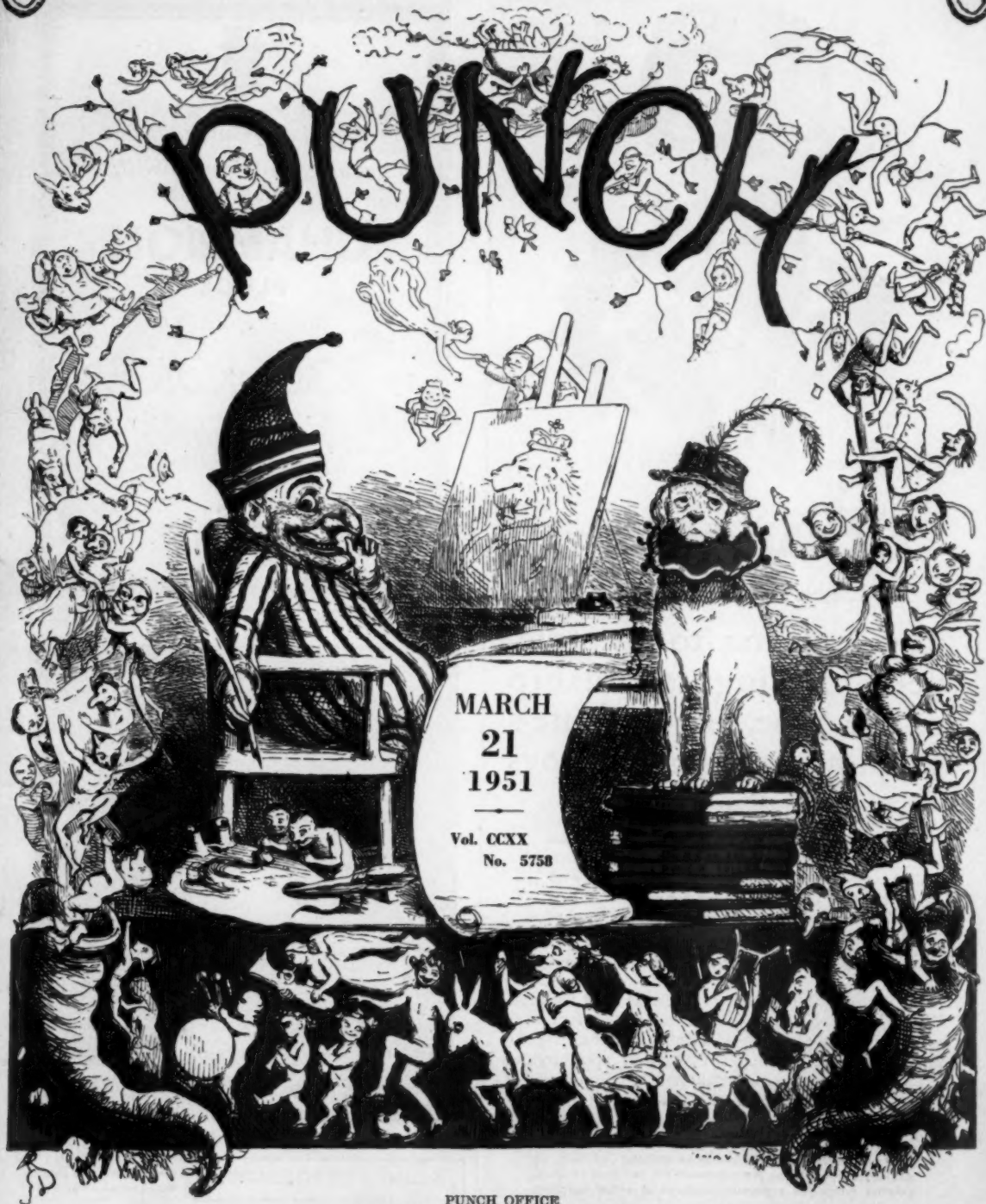


6^d

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21 1951

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



Barneys

the Ideal Tobacco

may lead you to the true, deep, lasting friendship of the pipe,—one of life's simplest, yet greatest joys

Kent.

"When I was 20 I bought a pipe and tried nearly every brand of tobacco that kind friends recommended, was finally deciding to give up the pipe in disgust, when I read one of your characteristic advertisements. — I've smoked Barneys ever since, and will continue to do so. You describe it correctly—The Ideal Tobacco."

Smokers of Barneys are of all ages and callings. Week by week, from places near and far, they write in praise of its constant charm; and grateful and proud we are to publish their spontaneous comments.

(All original letters can be inspected.)

TO YOUNGER SMOKERS, EVERYWHERE!

In your quest for the tobacco of abiding joy, you are asked to give trial to Barneys—which has won so many friends from the recommendations of older smokers.

Barneys (medium), Parsons Pleasure (mild), Punchbowle (full), 4/5 the oz. each.

(321a) John Sinclair Ltd., Manufacturers, Newcastle upon Tyne. ©



A fitting tribute to their quality and dependability

CHAMPION

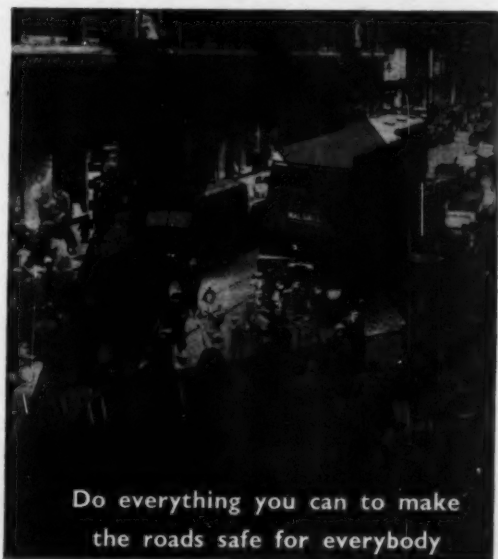
PLUGS

are supplied to

ROLLS-ROYCE



CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED, FELTHAM, MIDDLESEX



Do everything you can to make the roads safe for everybody

Sankey OF WELLINGTON

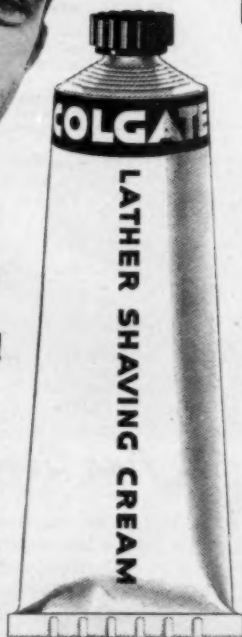
Joseph Sankey and Sons Limited
Wellington, Shropshire

THE LARGEST WHEEL AND CHASSIS FRAME MAKERS IN BRITAIN

A New "TONIC INGREDIENT" in COLGATE Lather Shaving Cream



... you finish up with a
COOLER SKIN
and a
SMOOTHER CHIN



**We've now taken the
torture out of shaving!**

IT'S TRUE! No more after-shave dryness or burning razor rash. Your face is cooler because the *new tonic ingredient* in Colgate Lather Shaving Cream gets right down to work on the tenderest skins. It soothes while you shave. No need for scraping over and over either ... because the richer, creamier lather softens up the toughest beard. It gives a quicker, cleaner shave. Get a tube of Colgate Lather Shaving Cream today. See if its unique 2-in-1 tonic action doesn't give you the closest, most refreshing shave you've ever had.

MY BEARD'S A
TOUGH ONE...

For years I had to scrape and scrape. Then I tried Colgate's thick, creamy lather, and now I get a smoother, cleaner shave every morning.

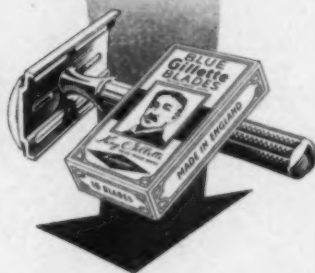


COLGATE
Lather Shaving Cream

with the NEW "TONIC INGREDIENT"



How to get
a better
shave ...



Use a razor and blade that are made for each other.

Each long-lasting Blue Gillette Blade is as sharp as a surgeon's scalpel. Each Gillette Razor is precision made to get the best out of every Blue Gillette Blade. Combined they form the world's finest shaving system.

Blue Gillette Blades
are now only **2/8** for ten

Also available in the 20-blade dispenser 5/4

GOOD MORNINGS BEGIN WITH GILLETTE



The occasion . .

With all the essential qualities of a town shoe—correct style, smart appearance and comfortable fitting, these Spire "Oxfords" can be worn with confidence on the most important business occasions.

... and the shoe

Spire



Made from selected leathers. Available in black or tan. Medium and wide fittings.

Write for name of local Agent who will be pleased to show you other styles from the extensive "Spire" range from as low as 45/9. G. T. White Shoe Co. Ltd. Leicester



Valstar
The Aristocrat of Raincoats

Write for the name of your nearest stockists
To VALSTAR LTD., 314, Regent Street, London, W.1

Why Linen Mesh Underwear?

Most doctors are insistent that for health reasons a mesh garment next to the skin is essential. The mesh structure ensures that a layer of dry air is in direct contact with the body, thus protecting it from the extremes of heat and cold and maintaining an even temperature.



Irish Linen Mesh is not woven but *knitted* for maximum elasticity, and has super-absorbent, quick-drying qualities. Perspiration is dispersed instantly; never allowed to chill. Wearers claim immunity from coughs, colds and rheumatic complaints.

Go in for Irish Linen Mesh




The finest of all Linen mesh underwear, 100% Irish Linen.



Slightly less expensive but with most of the qualities of AIRLIN.

At all good outfitters and stores. Write for name of nearest stockist to: The Irish Linen Mesh Co. Ltd. Dept. P.I., Henry St., Belfast, N. Ireland.



MACKENZIE'S
FINO PERLA
SHERRY
(PRODUCE OF SPAIN)

A Splendid Aperitif

FROM YOUR
WINE MERCHANT

"The Best of the Bunch"
MACKENZIE & Co., LTD., 20, EASTCHEAP, LONDON



A fine Cigar

Widely known as "the first cigar for the best days," Don Garcias are wrapped with the finest *Havana* leaf (see label on box) and made in five sizes. In boxes of 25 and smaller packings.



DON GARCIA

"The First Cigar for the best days"

In case of difficulty in obtaining Don Garcias write to Don Garcia Bureau, 11, Bedford Square, London, W.C.1 for name of nearest supplier.

It's undoubtedly a Daimler—

Quiet elegance that lends dignity to the formal occasion in town . . . effortless power, sweeping away the miles, taking the rugged stretch of road in its even stride . . . every feature of the Daimler Consort gives it supremacy on city streets or country lanes. Other features of this superb re-styled saloon on the famous 2½ litre Daimler chassis include hypoid bevel rear axle giving extra ground clearance, larger hydro-mechanical brakes, rigid, light body and sweeping, improved lines.



THE DAIMLER COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY



"City streets or country lanes—it's all the same to me—since I fitted John Bull tyres."

"The thousands of miles I've driven on these tyres have given me implicit faith in their road-grip, reliability, long mileage—it's all there. In fact, I've come to the conclusion that John Bull represent the greatest tyre value obtainable today."

*** Why motorists prefer John Bull**
Because they are designed and built to give extra service and value. Economic distribution—from Factory to Garage without intermediate handling charges—makes possible a saving which is put into the tyre itself.



JOHN BULL

THICKER • WIDER • SAFER

MPA/1/51



Security for your valuables

Keeping jewellery, securities and important papers under lock and key in the home is no protection against burglary or fire. Do not take these risks. A private safe in a bank strongroom will provide security for your valuables.

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED Private Safe Deposits

72 Lombard St., E.C.3.	91 Newington Canaway, S.E.1
185 Baker St., N.W.1.	39 Piccadilly, W.1.
Berkeley Square, W.1.	40 Victoria St., S.W.1
1-3 Holborn Circus, E.C.1.	27-28 Whitechapel High St., E.1.

Also at Bournemouth, Brighton, Bristol, Halifax, Huddersfield, Leicester, Liverpool, Newcastle upon Tyne, Northampton, Norwich, Nottingham and Torquay.

If you're
troubled about
chains - don't
lose your
head!



Use Parsons high tensile STEEL chains.
100% stronger and 20% lighter than
the same size of WROUGHT IRON, and
available in the range $\frac{1}{2}$ " to $1\frac{1}{2}$ " dia. for
all lifting and hauling purposes.

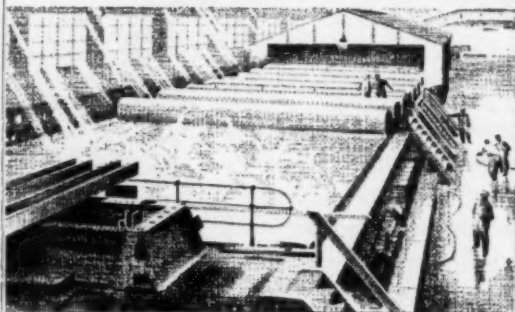
Look for the
trade mark
'HIGH-TEST'

Parsons Chains

Parsons Chain Co. Ltd.,
Stourport-on-Severn, Worcs.

A TRIBUTE TO PARENTAGE

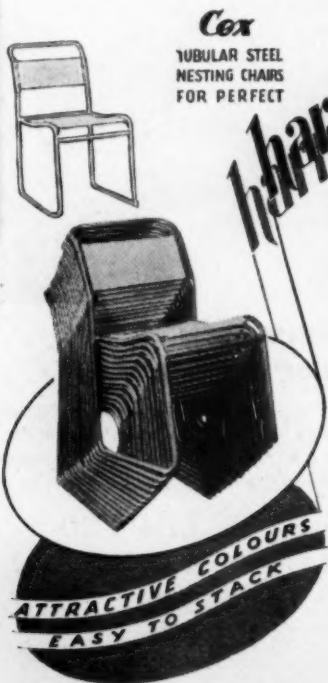
At the Aylesford Mills of the Reed Paper Group giant paper-making machines produce the tough Kraft paper from which Medway multi-wall sacks are made. Significantly, it was Reeds who first made Kraft paper on wide high-speed machines and it is due largely to the enterprise of the Reed Paper Group with its vast resources that the multi-wall sack has been adopted so widely as the modern method of packaging.



MEDWAY PAPER SACKS

Division of the REED Paper Group

MEDWAY PAPER SACKS LTD · LARKFIELD · MT. MAIDSTONE · KENT



Cox
TUBULAR STEEL
NESTING CHAIRS
FOR PERFECT

harmony

IN ALL
SURROUNDINGS

Ideally suitable for
the Hotel—restaurant or café, school,
canteen, cinema or
concert hall, and
equally at home in
the village hall,
community centre,
church, church hall
or sports club

Catalogue illustrating full
range and prices sent on
application

Cox & Co
(WATFORD) LTD.
WATFORD BY-PASS
WATFORD, HERTS
Telephone: WATFORD 5651/5 (Main)
Telegrams: COXANES, Watford



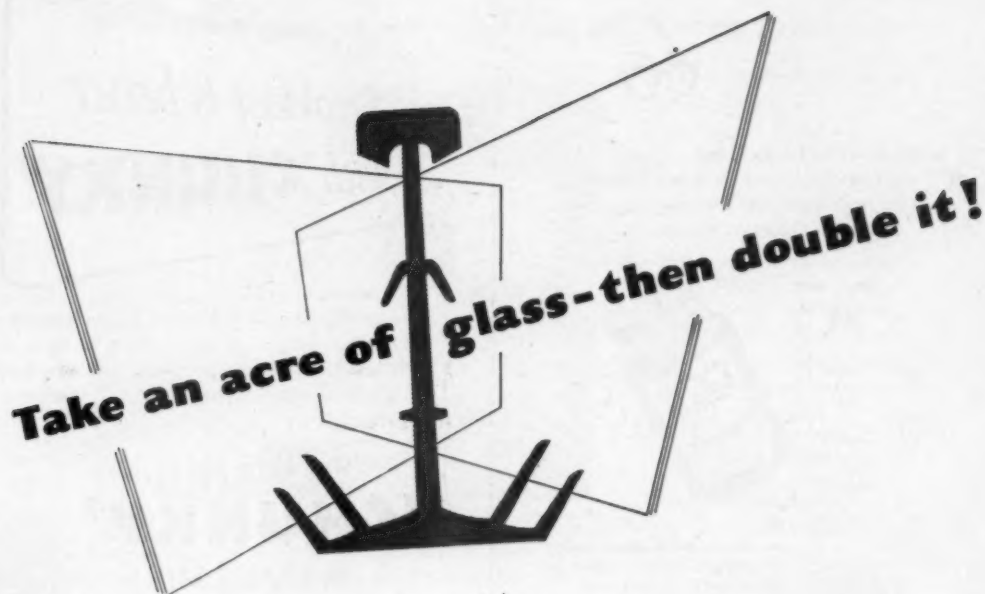
Unhand us, varlets!

Let go of our windpipes! Put down that cosh!
Nothing shall make us divulge the secret recipe of Pimm's
No. 1. Only six people know it, and we won't
talk. We'll give you this for the record: Pimm's
select only the very best gin and renowned French
and Dutch liqueurs, but how we compound it and
what with, you'll just have to go on guessing.



PIMM'S No. 1

THE MOST HEAVENLY DRINK ON EARTH



First take two panes of glass, then take half an inch of still air. Sandwich the latter between the former and hang the whole thing in a web of aluminium. And there you have an

Aluminex Double Glazed wall. A wall that not only opens a building to full daylight but keeps you as warm in winter and as cool in summer as one of brick. (A mass of figures, involving thermal units and temperature differences support this Sir, but we won't bore you with them here.)

Aluminex Patent Glazing is an exciting, imaginative method of constructing walls of glass as big as Piccadilly Circus. Each pane hangs in delicate tracery of aluminium — a tracery strong enough to withstand the full blast of an Atlantic gale. When Aluminex is double glazed it is a wall doubly worth looking into. Ask your architect about it — or us. Any time.

The Aluminex Division of WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS Limited

RELIANCE WORKS, CHESTER

LONDON ADDRESS: VICTORIA HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1



*In spite of Muriel's angry looks,
★ John gulped his meals with head in books.
Like magic, gusto came you know Sir,
With Pan Yan from a fairy grocer.*



Of course you
can always trust
Macorochies for flavour.

★ The keen but subtle flavour of Pan Yan pickle brings more happiness to the happiest of families, especially with cold meat, cheese, or fish. Try it on yours. We never heard of a man yet who didn't like Pan Yan. In fact, more people eat Pan Yan than any other sweet pickle.



By Appointment
Table Salt Manufacturers

Cerebos

Traditionally the salt of quality
— available plain or iodised



Breakfast is better with 'CHUNKY'

St. Martin's special
recipe captures the full flavour of Seville's sun-
drenched oranges in the bitter-sweet taste of
"Chunky" marmalade. It has that refreshing tang
the palate longs for in the morning. Nature's own
goodness is in

St. Martin 'CHUNKY' MARMALADE

THERE'S ONLY ONE "CHUNKY" AND IT IS A PRODUCT OF
ST. MARTIN'S, MAKERS OF FINE PRESERVES. MAIDENHEAD,
ELY, NEWCASTLE, HORSTED KEYNES, BELFAST.



JUST LOOK IN THERE . . .

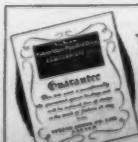


. . . a golden mixture, rising to perfection,
safe from draughty door-opening, *always*
under your watchful eye through the
Vulcan Glass Panel! *Guaranteed* unbreak-
able and fireproof, it retains full oven-heat
and does not steam over. With automatic
regulator to keep correct temperature
constant, your oven-cooking is *double-controlled*. Other Vulcan
features include closing cover-plate, fully furnished oven, clean,
compact design—all you've ever wished for in a gas cooker! See a
Vulcan at your local gas showroom and write for illustrated brochure.

Vulcan

DOUBLE-CONTROL GAS COOKING
THE VULCAN STOVE CO. LTD.,
EXETER

Associated Company of United Gas Industries
Limited.



★ Every Vulcan
Glass Panel
Door carries this
unconditional
guarantee against
breakage.

When houseproud women insist on Woven Bedcovers, there's a reason...



Vantona 'Court' Bedcovers are available in a choice of blue, rose, gold or green at prices from £5.2.6d. for 70" x 100" to £10.15.0d. for 90" x 108".

Fashion leaders say that modern bedroom décor demands an integration of woven structure, colour and design in the bedcover and curtains. That is why Vantona 'Court' Bedcovers, craft-woven in traditional and contemporary designs, are the first choice. With elegance, is combined durability, fast colours and crease resistance—virtues which the housewife today will appreciate.

VANTONA

Court
BEDCOVERS

Write to the Vantona Household Advice Bureau, which is at your service on all domestic matters.

VANTONA TEXTILES LIMITED, 107 PORTLAND STREET, MANCHESTER, 1

HANDKERCHIEFS from ROBINSON & CLEAVER



Fine Swiss Lawn handkerchief with embroidered corner and woven shadow border. Each 5 6

Dainty hand-embroidered handkerchief on fine sheer linen. Each 12 6

THE LINEN HALL, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. 1

THE WORLD'S MOST COMFORTABLE MATTRESS

The *Ariel* MATTRESS AND BASE

Patent No. 617610



The **ARIEL** outdates every other mattress. Finest goose-feathers and air - nature's most restful products - built into SEPARATE compartments - give you a buoyancy hitherto unknown and ensure a life-time of healthy, natural sleep. The **ARIEL** is an entirely new LIGHT-WEIGHT mattress which cannot lose its shape. Strong in winter, cool in summer, the **ARIEL** floats on its specially designed spring-edged base - luxury upon luxury!

Please send for booklet and address of nearest stockist to:-

E. FOGARTY & COMPANY LTD - BOSTON



A Lavenda-knitted woolly keeps its shape and colour through tub after tub; always looks beautifully soft and gay and new. It's the special way Lavenda's spun and dyed and twisted—for consistent quality, lasting colour and extra strength. Lavenda is the best wool you can buy.

made by *Lavenda* of Bradford

LAVENDA

IT'S THE GREATEST BOON A HOME CAN HAVE

"send you for faster 'Goodbye to Drudgery'!"

Think of it! A whole day's washing up finished in less time than the breakfast things... spotlessly, hygienically, pleasantly! All done by vigorous under water brushing by revolving nylon brushes. Dirty saucepans and greasy plates immaculately clean in seconds. Breakages cut to a minimum. Mops dispensed with entirely. Hands protected from constant wetting. Soap costs reduced. Brushes instantly removable after use, leaving sink free for washing clothes, etc.

Learn all about the STAINES "Auto-Sink".

Write NOW for full details or 'phone VICTORIA 9772/3/4



STAINES KITCHEN EQUIPMENT CO. LTD., 94 VICTORIA ST., LONDON, S.W.1



Convection heating is the economical, modern way of heating your home. The Camelcon Convector has the traditional cheerful look of an open fire, heats other rooms at an extra cost, and will give an excellent hot water supply. Any type of fuel may be used, and an all night burning closure lid is fitted so that your home will be warm all the time. For further details, send for our 12 page illustrated booklet.

RADIANT HEAT IN LIVING ROOM

CONVECTION HEAT TO BEDROOMS

OVERNIGHT BURNING, AND-
HOT WATER TOO!



The "CAMELCON"
CONVECTOR FIRE

THE CAMELCON IRON CO LTD FALKIRK

IT'S THE INSIDE THAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE



The exterior of a "RELYON" is there for all to behold... the design and quality of material, and perfection of finish. INSIDE is the result of years of experience... of research, and craftsmanship. Only the finest steel is used to make the multitude of small springs which are so assembled, to "give" to the exact amount of pressure applied, also, and this is important, only WHERE pressure is applied. Do you want to know of the quality of the hair, of the standard of purity... of the cotton felt... of the built up edges... or perhaps you know someone who has a "RELYON"... Ask him, and he will tell you that a "RELYON" makes all the difference between just "sleep," and complete and luxurious relaxation.

Relyon

Spring filled
MATTRESSES
and DIVANS

The best in the world—

PRICE BROTHERS & CO. LTD · WELLINGTON · SOMERSET



Brevitts festival of fashion

heraldies - the season's newest, most

exciting shoes. Here are high fashion and traditional craftsmanship... so fittingly named for this Festival year.

2

79/.



1. 'Glen Moore' Forester

2. 'Dexter' Bounder

(Pat. Nos. 549012-627632)

3. 'Crusader' Bouncer

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4. 'Barhecon' Casanova

3

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4

69/6



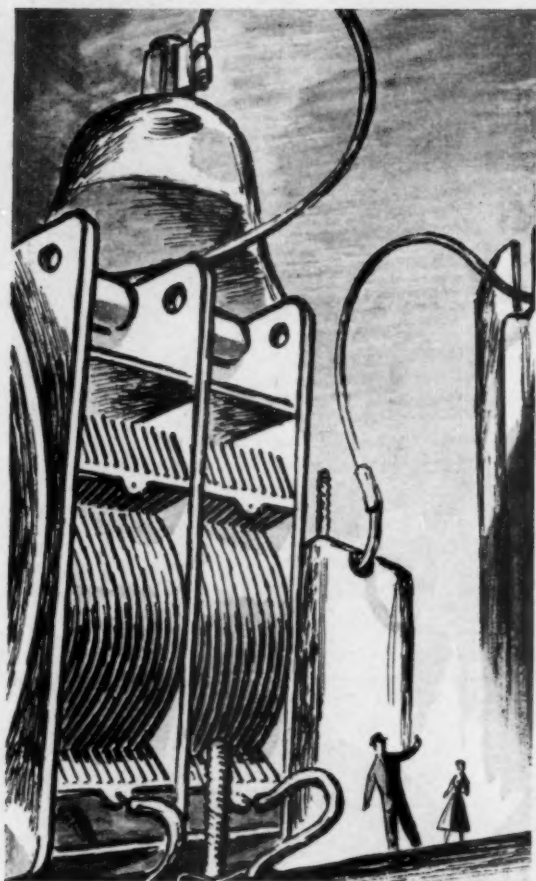
that look



Write for your free copy of 'Brevitt's Festival of Fashion'. Name of your nearest stockist and details of Brevitt's Reconditioning Service will also be sent. BREVITT SHOES LTD. (Dept. D.1), 2-5 Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

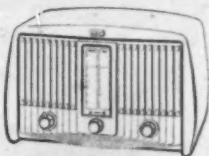


"My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen . . . after dinner take two **RENNIES**"



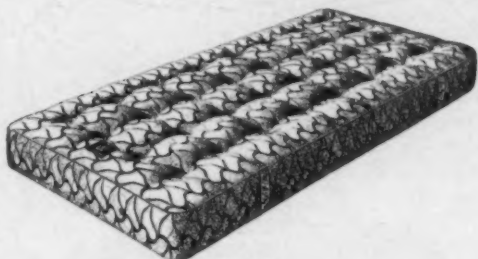
Come inside...

Take a look at this—it's the 'works' of a G.E.C. radio. The part that sees that you get good listening, and go on getting it. That's what really matters in radio, and all G.E.C. sets are designed to take care of it for you—they're built for technical excellence. Take this 5 valve model BC5243, for instance, the cheapest of its kind on the market. Its price is **£13.19.6** including tax and yet it's full-size and full value too. It's well worth hearing—your *Approved G.E.C. Dealer will be glad to show it to you.*



G.E.C. RADIO & TELEVISION
G.E.C.—and a good job too!

The General Electric Co. Ltd., Major House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2



SOMNUS BEDDING

Good night!

We admit "nightcaps" have their uses, but after all it's the kind of bed you sleep on that determines the kind of sleep you get.

Somnus Bedding is now available from all good house furnishers
WILLIAM RHODES LIMITED, LEEDS & NOTTINGHAM



* Eve's age-old apparel problem always troubled me until I saw the window of my local Singer Shop. I joined there and then! By individual tuition, an expert instructress unfolded the secrets



of successful sewing ... The dress I made as I learnt, was acclaimed with wide-eyed admiration by the office ... Yes, Singer make it *so easy* to have an extensive and inexpensive wardrobe.



**learn
home-dressmaking
at your local
SINGER
sewing centre**

SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY LIMITED, SINGER BUILDING, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.4

The SINGER Nine Roadster

SERIES 4AB



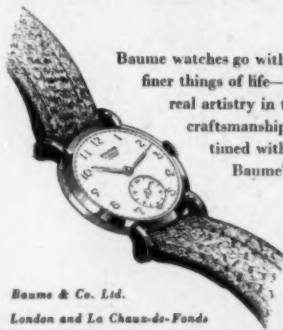
The famous Singer Nine Roadster — with a new 'look', a new 'feel' on the road—and an allocation for the Home Market! New improved upholstery. The independent front wheel suspension system raises road performance, comfort and sweetness of handling to a new peak.

SINGER MOTORS LTD
BIRMINGHAM & COVENTRY

Music by Mozart



Watch by Baume

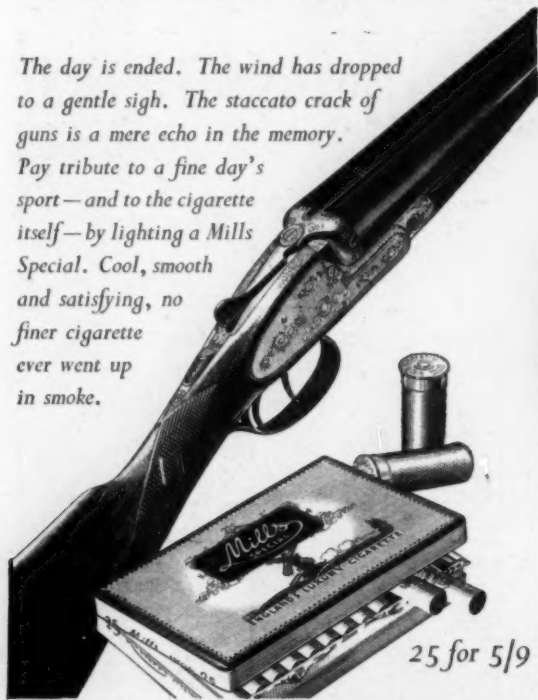


Baume watches go with the finer things of life—there's real artistry in them, real craftsmanship. Assembled and timed with the highest skill at Baume's own factory in Switzerland.

BAUME
THE
GOOD WATCH

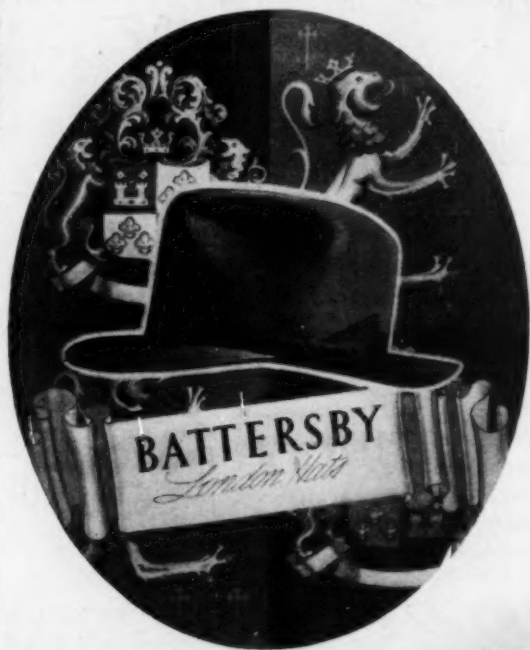
Baume & Co. Ltd.
London and La Chaux-de-Fonds

The day is ended. The wind has dropped to a gentle sigh. The staccato crack of guns is a mere echo in the memory. Pay tribute to a fine day's sport—and to the cigarette itself—by lighting a Mills Special. Cool, smooth and satisfying, no finer cigarette ever went up in smoke.



25 for 5/9

A PRODUCT OF AMALGAMATED TOBACCO CORPORATION LIMITED



GRAND BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, W.C.2.
Obtainable from good Hatters all over the world

cvs-27



THE MAN WHO KNOWS what he wants, the particular man, usually gets the best attention. A man who doesn't care what he drinks may not even care where he drinks it; and Frank or Reggie or Ernest who serves him knows this perfectly well.

You can always earn respectful attention by asking for White Horse by name. The splendid qualities of this whisky; its softness, its smoothness, its deep afterglow; are as well understood

on the active as the leisurely side of the bar.

Ask for White Horse and see that you get it. The next time you drop in, it will be: "Let's see, sir, yours is White Horse." The third time, in all probability it will be simply, "Good evening, sir"; and a glass of this most noble whisky will be silently set before you.



WHITE HORSE
Scotch Whisky



BRITISH SEAGULL

"the best outboard motor in the world."

THE BRITISH SEAGULL CO. LTD., POOLE, DORSET. Telephone: POOLE 818.



We all
ride a
SILENT "L.E."

Valvelette

*The new '200' engine gives extra power for hills and piston work.



Clean and comfortable to ride the L.E. is car-like in conception. With water-cooled engine, shaft-drive and full luxury specification, it has proved itself the vehicle for every occasion.

Write for LIST "P."

VELOCE LTD. • YORK ROAD • BIRMINGHAM 28



For
years
and
years..

* ... The family's been going to the seaside every summer—but, now, the children have suddenly grown up. They're going off on their own—bless 'em... and, at last, we can go on that wonderful Barton Road Cruise to Devon and Cornwall.

* Are the children going hiking? Goodness, NO. They've been saving up and they're off on a Barton Road Cruise too, to the French Riviera!

* For Full Details of our 1951 Programme, write now to:

BARTON ROAD CRUISES

Barton Transport Ltd. Chilton. Notts.
Boston 56261

Familiarity breeds content

The urge that drives some smokers into a constant searching for new brands and differing mixtures fights a losing battle against the serene virtues of John Cotton. With this cool-burning, even-smoking leaf we can settle down... relishing the same unvarying pleasure at every fresh pipeful or cigarette... and knowing that our chosen brand is one with which our fathers and grandfathers were both familiar and contented.

John Cotton
Tobacco Nos.
1 and 2, 4/9 an
oz. No. 4, 4/5
an oz. Empire
4/1½ an oz.



No. 1 Cigarettes
3/10 for 20



John Cotton

BY APPOINTMENT



CIGAR MERCHANTS TO
H.M. THE KING

MADE IN EDINBURGH SINCE 1770

Stomach upsets
don't keep me away
from work



I ALWAYS TAKE
A COUPLE OF
"MEGGESON" AT
THE FIRST SIGN OF
INDIGESTION



ASK YOUR
CHEMIST FOR

MEGGESON

BISMUTH
DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

FOR A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN

Consult *Bath's* 1951 list of
Alpines, Chrysanthemums,
Dahlias, Gladioli, Roses,
Herbaceous Plants, Fruit
Bushes and Trees, and
Vegetable Seeds.

Free on request to
R. H. BATH LTD., WISBECH

Increase your income

by the purchase of an annuity

For a man aged 65 (or woman aged 70) the gross income for life from an annuity would be over 10% of the purchase money. For residents in some countries payments are exempt from U.K. Tax. Enquire for details at your age.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

No agents (founded 1762) No commission
19, Coleman Street, London, E.C.2



STOWER'S
LIME
JUICE



IT'S BETTER TO
HAVE THE BEST

Ask for
STOWER'S
Lime Juice

ALSO LEMON SQUASH
ORANGE SQUASH-GRAPE FRUIT SQUASH
LEMON BARLEY

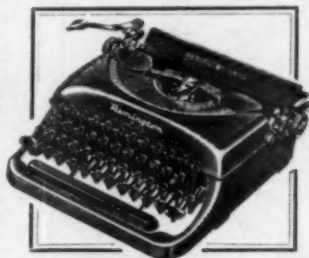


BY APPOINTMENT
to
H.M. THE KING

A HANDSOME ADDITION to the Home

The streamlined beauty of the latest Remington Portable model makes an instant appeal. The smooth flowing lines give an exciting sense of rhythm, a promise of ease of operation which is fulfilled the moment you touch the keyboard. In addition, a Remington Portable has all the principal features of a standard Remington, the qualities which make typing on a Remington so swift and so perfect.

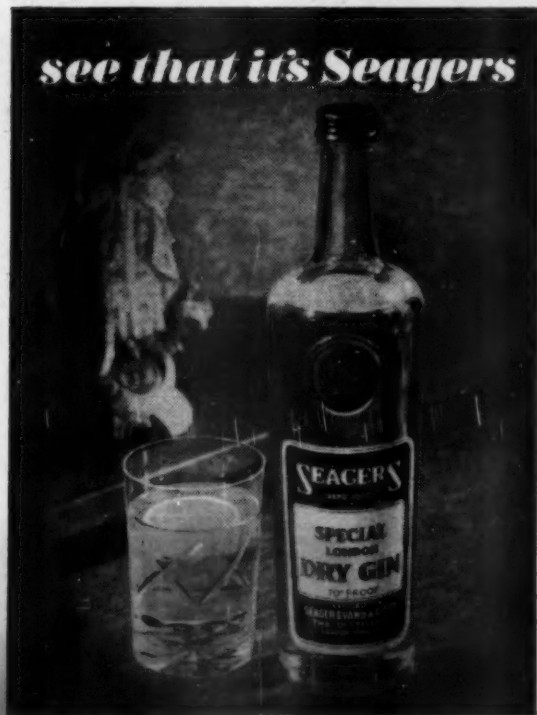
REMINGTON Portable, in grey non-glare finish, is the popular machine for literary and personal purposes at an economical figure. Price £28.10.0



* Write for descriptive folder to REMINGTON RAND LTD. (Dept. PR. 59) 1 NEW OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.1

Remington
the name for
PORTABLE TYPEWRITERS

see that it's Seagers



'Get me out of this dump'

says

JACK SCRAP



How many tons of iron and steel scrap would you find in odd corners of your factory or farm if you had a thorough search made?

Find that scrap, round it up, turn it in. Every ton of scrap that gets back to the steelworks will make a ton of new steel.

* Scrap Merchants are glad to help with dismantling and collection.

**Speed the
SCRAP
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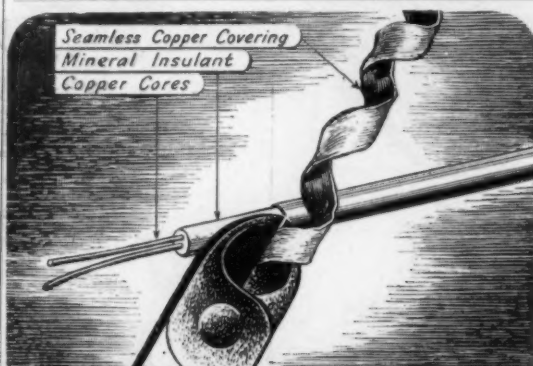
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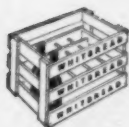
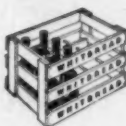


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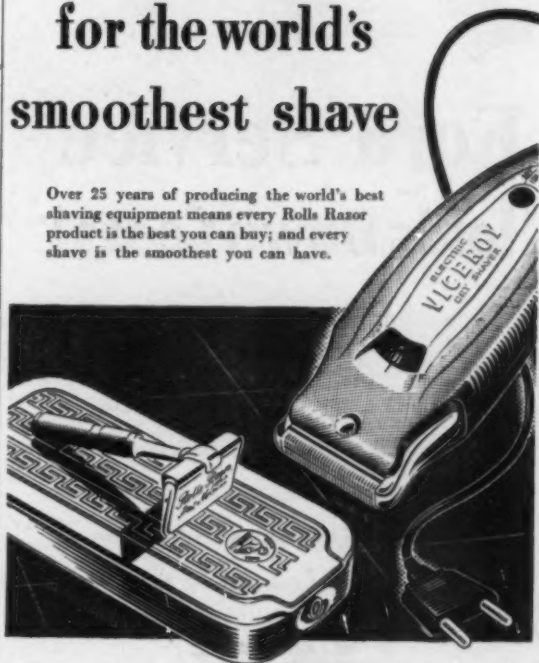
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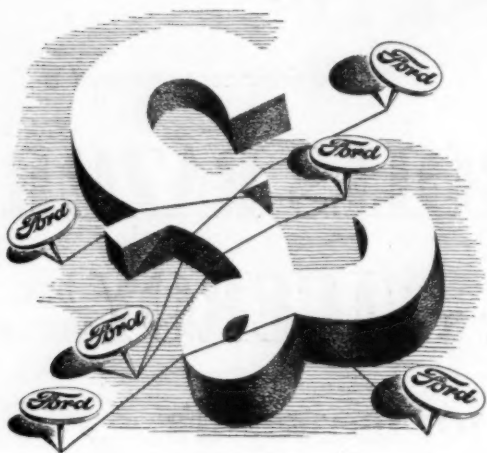
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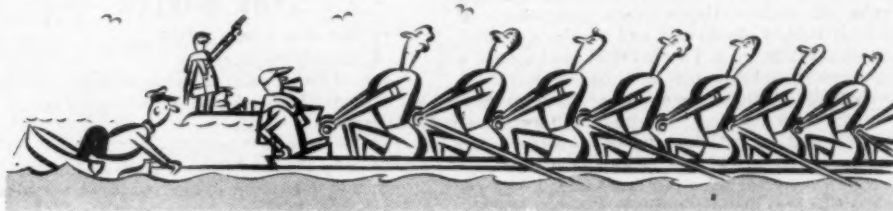
FIFTEEN per cent of the national expenditure of the United States goes on defence, it is reported. The proportion could easily be reduced if they inaugurated a National Health Service.

'In Travancore, very faithful work is being done in the floating dispensaries and at Melkavu-Mottam Hospital and Melkavu dispensaries. The Bishop is very much behind us in our new health emphasis.'

C.M.S. Annual report

Perhaps he hasn't been well.

The sea at one Essex resort is said to be getting nearer and nearer to the houses on the front every year. Landladies' advertising agents have taken to throwing their stones underhand.



"BRITAIN'S ECONOMIC RECOVERY
SPLENDID BUT THREATENED BY
STORKS."

Rangeon paper

Family Allowances too big?

Two scientists conducting snow-making experiments on a Californian mountain had to be dug out of snow which they claimed to have made themselves. They had been complaining for some time that they were up to their eyes in work.

'The final of the Inter-Universities lawn tennis tournament on the lines of the Davis Cup between the Chulalongkorn University and the Medical University began yesterday evening on the Royal Bangkok Sports Club courts. Both universities won the first round Singles by one match.'—*Bangkok paper*

How is it we always seem to be so unsuccessful in the Davis Cup?

A Hungarian clockmaker has made a clock which reproduces the voices of Lenin, Stalin and Rakosi, leader of the Hungarian Workers' Party, with portraits that pop out in turn when the voices are heard. We hope he has considered what to do when the pendulum begins to swing the other way.

A London magistrate attributes many petty thefts to habits that had their origins in the war. Too many of us, it seems, are still intent on proving that we can take it.

Correlation of recent official statements about food and housing suggests that Britain's cupboard isn't so much bare as in use as a living-room.



I WISH YOU COULD ALL BE HERE

THAT applause was for Colin MacAbraham, the leader of the orchestra, who has just come in. He's sitting down now—and here is Sir Adrian Sargent, you can hear the applause, I expect, he's going up to the rostrum now, and he holds up his right hand with the baton in it and the applause dies down.

Well, something seems to have gone slightly wrong here, I don't quite know what it is, we can't hear what's going on here although the orchestra seem to be playing all right, but it doesn't seem to be getting through, so I'll hand you over to Peter Tummitt who is down in the stalls. Over to you, Peter.

Well, I couldn't quite see what went wrong myself, the orchestra came in all right, they all came in together, it was a terrific sight, I wish you could have seen it. Then the first violins went out on top, it's most exciting, they're still there, setting a terrific pace, *allegro con spirito* at least, I should say, and they're still there, right up at about top E, I should think, and holding it magnificently, and *here come the brass!* . . .

That was absolutely tremendous, the brass came in in the most exciting way, three of them, three trumpets, that is, and there are the trombones over there beyond them, and they're playing in B flat, it's the most remarkable thing you ever heard, I wish you could all be here to-night and hear it. And *here they are again*—no, no, no it isn't, it's the woodwind, it's Harry Martingale, I think, on his clarinet with the special boosted reed, and he swept up then—and here come the first violins again with that opening theme, they're holding on to it very well, and I think they're—yes, they are, they're going to modulate. . . .

That was the most extraordinary thing, they came in above the clarinet and did the most terrific modulation, from B flat right into E minor, and now they seem to have dropped back a bit, and here come the 'cellos, we haven't seen much of them this evening so far, but here they are, they're looking frightfully fit, very fit indeed these 'cellos, and they come in with a tune in dotted minims, it's really very fine, though they're not setting such a hot pace as some of the others have been, about *andante con moto* I make it. I'll hand you over again to Brian Broom in the circle. Over to you, Brian.

Well, here we are in the circle, and the first movement is nearly over. It's been the most extraordinary movement, the first violins went ahead right from the beginning, and they're still there up at the top, no one is likely to catch them now, unless—yes, by Jove, I think they're going to—yes, it's a fugue! . . .

By gosh, that really was something worth hearing, I wish you could all have heard it. The violins were way out on top, and the double-basses were doing a sort of ground-bass, I suppose you'd call it a ground-bass, and then the woodwind nipped in and took the tune away from them and started a fugue with it. It's still going on over in the far corner of the orchestra,

and some of the strings have joined in, the violas it sounds like, and, oh, I say, that's terrific, the tuba is playing the theme in augmentation in the sub-dominant. I must say that's the prettiest bit of tuba-playing I've heard. And now back to Peter Tummitt in the stalls.

Well, here we are in the stalls, and there seems to be the devil of a fugue going on, but I think we're coming to the coda now, yes, the bassoons have got there, they've started the coda, they've got right back to B flat, very pretty to listen to, and now they're slowing down a bit, I think, yes, they're slowing down, and that's the end of the movement.

The engineers have just rung through to say that there was a slight technical hitch, but it's been corrected now, so for the rest of the concert I'll have to let the music speak for itself.

B. A. YOUNG

THE BURLER

THERE is a fault in the piece.

Beneath the North
light of the grey mill the burler examines the cloth:
with Arachne's cunning her fingers move,
draw forth
five threads, or thirty,
know by the feel merino or cross-bred fleece,
English, Australian, from which the yarn was spun;
and, delicately as antennae of moth,
assess by touch the damage, and repair
the rent so neatly that a microscope
or the eye of another expert alone can tell
a fault was ever there.

O spider-skilled, O thrifty one!
look out from your North light, and see
the spinner of the Golden Fleece, the cloth-of-glory-
weaving sun
upon the mill dam's steel-grey frame
through threads of light and threads of flame,
his glittering, faster-than-eyesight shuttle
flashing to weave on this grim loom
a dazzling cloth, of pattern subtle
as water-ripple, as simple as
the lichen in the crannied gloom
of the mill wall. Ten thousand faults
he mends before your fingers twist
two threads together. Ten thousand more
he mends in the next shuttle-flash
that even your keen eyes have missed.

Mender of the worsted cloth,
look on rent and fabric both
and, in the West Riding grime,
raise your eyes from time to time
to see the shuttle of beauty fly
between the grey earth and the grey sky
and, covering the dull mill dam, bright
a cloth of glory, loomed on light.

R. C. SCRIVEN



THE BLINDED BULL

WAY OUT



"Three ba'pence excess on this ticket."

PRICE TICKET

THOUGH aware in a general way that prices are somewhat higher now than they were before the war, over a whole range of commodities I have remained happily unaware of the extent of the rise by the simple device of ceasing to buy the goods in question. Naturally this ignorance of the facts of life is not without attendant disadvantages, the chief of which is a certain unfitness for the conduct of affairs which is occasionally embarrassing.

Take shirts, for instance. The end of the war found me rather well equipped in the matter of shirts, all laid down in moth balls since the outbreak of hostilities. Add to these another which was the gift of a grateful Government in 1945, and two more which my brother-in-law grew out of in 1947, and you have an explanation of the fact that until the other day I had not found it necessary to buy a new shirt for

about twelve years. But the mending of cuffs, the turning of collars and the drawing together of worn or frayed edges cannot be continued indefinitely, and I have for some time been aware that a day was approaching when it would become necessary either to buy some shirts or to remain permanently indoors.

It was against this background that I glanced into an outfitters' shop window the other day and noticed a rather nice shirt with a blue stripe, price 12/6.

I could not honestly feel that this was excessive. My pre-war price for shirts was 7/6, though once, in the heyday of my youth, I remember paying 10/6 for something really out of the ordinary. Assuming this shirt at 12/6 was of the pre-war 7/6 quality, that represented a price increase, as a moment's arithmetic informed me, of 66 per cent. It was enough.

certainly, but not more than I had
steeled myself to expect.

I went in. A salesman who had been lurking in the shadowy interior stepped forward to meet me, as I crossed the threshold, and asked what I would like. I said a shirt, and pointed to the one I had seen in the window.

He murmured a respectful congratulation on my good taste (they don't mean a word of it, of course) and produced a trayful for my inspection. Everything went beautifully until the point when, the shirt selected, he led on to the related topic of ties. I asked the price of the least flamboyant of those he spread before me.

"Fifteen shillings," he said, deprecatingly, his tone silkily deploring spiral inflations and the rest.

"Why, that's more . . ." I began. I had been about to say "more than the shirt," but the words died

to a mere rattle in my throat, for at that moment a dreadful suspicion that something was amiss had dawned on me. What was worse, it had dawned on him too. I became aware that I was holding the twelve and sixpence in my hand, and that he was looking at it, and me, with sudden misgiving.

"The shirt is thirty-seven and sixpence, sir," he said, with the air of a man firmly brushing away the cobwebs of misunderstanding.

"But on the ticket," I protested, "it says twelve and sixpence."

He looked his contempt. We went outside together to see. I was horribly afraid that I had been the victim of some mysterious optical illusion. But no, there it was—twelve and sixpence. I was foolish enough to permit a momentary triumph to show in my demeanour.

"The twelve and sixpence," said the salesman, glacially, "is for the tie."

I saw it all. The price ticket was about an inch away from the tie, it is true, but the intention was clear. Looking at it now, it seemed to me childishly obvious that it was the tie, and not the shirt, to which the ticket referred.

I know men who would have laughed their way out of such a situation without a blush. I have even met one or two who would have stood on their legal rights and demanded the shirt at 12/6. Technically, after all, there is no doubt that it was on offer at that price. With the help of a clever lawyer one could probably have sustained an action in *mandamus*, or even in *tort*. But not, I submit, with that salesman.

Under his cold eye (and the eyes, less cold, but more inquisitive, of some three or four customers) I began to delve for the extra twenty-five shillings. It is my habit to carry my money scattered about my person. The practice has its advantages but is not conducive to dignity in such a situation as I was in. My right-hand trouser pocket yielded seven and tenpence, a key-ring and a pencil sharpener. From my hip pocket came a crumpled ten shilling note, a bus ticket, and a reminder from the public library

that the volume entitled *The Return of Sherlock Holmes* was now five weeks overdue. My overcoat contributed a miserable fivepence, my jacket six and three (plus two trouser buttons), and with the little heap on the counter standing at 24/6 I seemed to be at the end of my resources.

Essaying a wretched parody of a laugh, I tried my waistcoat and produced a stamp book containing a miscellany of stamps to the value of 1/6. I looked piteously at the salesman, but he gave me no encouragement and I put it sadly away again. There remained only my inside jacket pocket. I dug deep and produced a thick wad of documents including an identity card, a statement of arrears of

National Health contributions, a letter I had written and forgotten to post, three house agents' circulars, and, sandwiched between the pages of the Highway Code, a sixpence!

I stumbled out of the shop with the shirt under my arm and jumped thankfully on a passing bus to be carried away from it all as quickly as possible.

It was when the conductor approached clicking his little machine and saying "Fares, please," that the ultimate horror broke upon me.

"National Billk Bars require Counter Assistants; references required."

Provincial paper

Why!





THAMES FATHERS

PATERNAL indeed is the rule of the Thames Conservancy, a wise and affectionate care for the health and mannerly development of their beautiful ward. They take its temperature every day; fifty times a week they sample its diet; and from their fatherly, not grandfatherly, offices in Norfolk Street they propound the least number of rules for its good behaviour.

The duties and, one feels, real pleasure of this multiple parenthood are shared by thirty-eight Conservators, nominated by all the Counties and Authorities concerned. Under the thin guise of a nominee of the Ministry of Transport Sir Alan Herbert, I notice, represents *Punch*. I hasten to add that, except for the Chairman, the Conservators are unpaid. The administrative staff of about a hundred look after five times that number of workmen and spend their spare moments envying the fifty lock-keepers and, more particularly, their houses and gardens. In addition to those halcyon amenities, the lock-keepers enjoy the benefit of an advanced rationalization of their labour; when things are slack they are

slack, but when things are busy queues of the younger public ask nothing more than to be allowed to push the heavy lock-gates open for them. Even Detroit has got nothing in the way of flow-production on this.

I began my researches by clearing away three firm misconceptions. Firstly, the main *raison d'être* of the Conservancy is *not* that annual picture-paperesque ceremony of swan-upping; their only concern with the Thames swans, whose upping is a matter for certain City Livery Companies, is presumably that they should conform strictly with the Rules of Navigation. Again, the Source of the Thames is *not* a question of doubt; it is at Thames Head, in a meadow called Trewsbury Mead near Cirencester; the Conservancy should know, because that is where their beat begins. And, thirdly, I have their authority for stating that Teddington does *not* derive from "Tide-end-Town" as we always want it to, although the facts of the case would justify it.

You will have noticed—meaning, of course, you haven't or else why would I say it?—that first

among the functions of the Conservancy I put "Health"; because the chemical purity of the water that, at a guess, ten million people daily drink is in its human consequences by far their most vital care. It is meticulously guarded. For instance, I know of no other river where a boat entering from the tideway has to have its "sanitary arrangements" effectively and conclusively sealed. The effluent of the many sewage-works and the few factories discharging into the river,



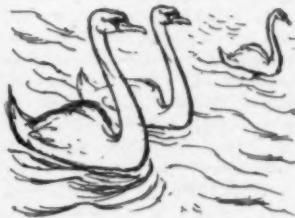
its tributaries and their least capillaries must be chemically innocuous and bacteriologically unencouraging. It must, in fact, pass a thing called the B.O.D. Test, which I can only assume means that it is adequately free from deleterious Bods. A particularly difficult fomenter of trouble is milk, if it gets into the water; the Conservators may worry indeed about a trickle of cyanide, but they positively cry about spilt milk. To take their minds off this pastoral peril they turn either to the great new Kingston power station, whose effluent is pure but potentially too hot for fish to hold, or to the Harwell Atomic Research Establishment, which could give the laziest backwater a dose of radio-activity without an atom of trouble at all.

The water-network of two thousand five hundred miles drains the four thousand square miles of the Conservancy's catchment area. Apart from some two hundred and fifty million gallons a day abstracted by Londoners and their few up-river friends to wash and cook in, plus a trifle of seven million for evaporation, the whole of the remaining catch—if that is the right collective noun—flows over Teddington Weir. It may vary from one hundred and forty (in 1934) to over twenty thousand million gallons a day (1894). This calls for a flexibility that defeats even the Conservators; at the one extreme there is not enough flow to prevent London's "effluent" below Teddington swinging rhythmically to and fro with the tide; at the other there arises the Worst Flood Within Living Memory, and the rash bungalowers of Shepperton get another rap over the knuckles for ever having built there.

I was consumed with inquisitiveness as to how they counted all these much publicized gallons, and the matter was fully explained to me, I am sure with a luminous clarity. Luckily for the reader I have small mathematics and no slide-rule, so he will be spared. What I can tell him is that Peg Woffington lies in the church nearby, and that on the opposite bank is a film studio; to me this has an appropriate

continuity. Between the banks are Teddington Locks; please note the plural, because there is the huge Barge Lock, long enough to take a tug with a tow of six barges, the Old Lock for less spectacular navigation, and a Skiff Lock, a mere narrow plunge-bath of a thing, into which I had the joy of turning on the equivalent of a monstrous tap.

I watched some of that day's three thousand four hundred million gallons accelerating over the Weir with that special and lovely roar that sings on in your inward ear for hours after; I noticed a glossy motor-car parked nose to the inviting railings at the end of Ferry Road, unconscious of the fact that the Thames tide here can rise a



whole ten feet—well above bonnet level. I also saw a bronze "rapier" that had been dredged up after three thousand quiet years on the river bottom at Bourne End; it was as sharp, if not as a razor, at least as what one once carved the Sunday joint with.

The Conservancy draws its income from selling London its cheap, pure water and to a lesser extent from Lock Tolls and Registration Charges for Pleasure Boats. In return, apart from the utilitarian services I have sketched above, it



concerns itself more by practice than by precept with the amenities of its gracious waters. The uniform black, grey and white paint of its bollards and railings, locks and sluices link the river as it bends along; the red-and-white house-flag of its six but ubiquitous (fairly) smart launches, with their (very) smart officers, is a bright punctuation of the *legato* scene. It is, of course, energetically identified with the great scheme that is afoot to use the new powers of the National Parks Act to make the hundred and thirty-six miles of towpath from Teddington to Cricklade, with the river running beside it, into what has been horribly called a "Linear National Park." The name must be resisted as strongly as the project should be supported. I am one of, I am sure, a great multitude who feel that, whether or not "God gave the land to the people," He certainly gave them the water; there is no valid sanction whatever, in my feeling, for being warned off the foreshore of the sea or kept away from the bank of a green river. How pleasant, good and just it would be if the Thames, the River, were the first to be made a . . . well, my suggestion is . . . a National Riverway. JUSTIN RICHARDSON



AT THE PICTURES

Storm Warning—Fourteen Hours

ONE of the qualities that make *Storm Warning* (Director: STUART HEISLER) so strikingly good is its sharp, observant, ironical eye for the odd authentic detail. The story is mainly concerned with an incident involving the anti-social activities of the Ku Klux Klan in a small town in the South of the U.S.; but what marks it off more than anything else from other such pictures (the villainous organization here is the K.K.K., but the point of the story is the terrorization of a community, such as we have seen exercised by any group of gangsters in films) is its crisp, assured, vivid style. The tiniest action or word of a character, the tiniest circumstance in a scene play their parts in gripping and holding the attention. To the vitiated taste of many a simple film-goer even violent action and murder can by now seem insipid, for too many pictures have used these things merely as ingredients to strengthen a weak mixture. It's a different matter when they are integral: when a story can show, as this one does, their effect on an ordinary outsider, as it were an innocent bystander—a model (GINGER ROGERS) who happens to visit her married sister in a Southern town just in time to see the local Ku Klux Klan kill an investigating reporter who was getting too close to the truth. This in itself—for she

recognizes her brother-in-law as one of the killers—brings the meaning of organized terror home to the less imaginative, and it is further reinforced by that convincing use of detail, the credible behaviour of credible people in credible circumstances. It's a grim situation, and essentially a grim melodrama, but so constantly spiced with caustic, amusing flashes of incident and dialogue, ironically observed and beautifully presented, that it becomes strongly enjoyable. The difficulties of the radio man among the crowd outside the inquest, the minor verbal and other mishaps at the inquest itself—such things as these give every scene the ring of truth. Miss ROGERS does very well—I see no reason for all this discussion of her break-away from musicals, for she has certainly played dramatic parts before. A more notably new departure is that of DORIS DAY, also known in musicals, who is very good as the troubled sister.

A simple situation in a simple circumscribed scene is presented with almost incredible force and effect in *Fourteen Hours* (Director: HENRY HATHAWAY). This is a fictional adaptation of JOEL SAYRE'S *New Yorker* report of what went on that day some years ago when a young man stood out on a ledge high up on the face of a New York hotel and threatened for hours to



[Fourteen Hours

Man on Ledge

Robert Coeick—RICHARD BASEHART

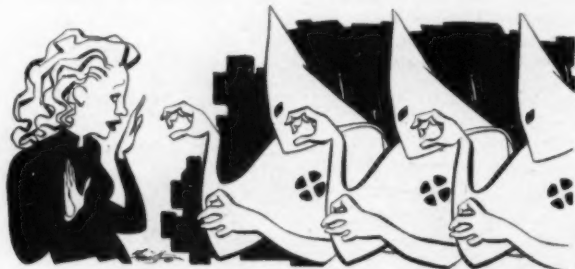
throw himself down. The film fits him out with a girl and parents and that particular kind of elementary text-book psychological problem usually to be found in films, but its point and power come from the way it shows the frantic activity around him: the police routine for dealing with this kind of thing, the teeming sensation-hunters and the jammed, clamouring cars in the street below, the television cameras on the opposite roof, the reporters and photographers and broadcasters inside the hotel. Innumerable small parts are well taken. RICHARD BASEHART is first-rate as the young man, and PAUL DOUGLAS as the one sympathetic cop he will talk to holds the whole thing together. It's a highly enjoyable small-scale picture, with a strength immensely greater than its size would suggest.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Another new one in London is *Flesh and Blood* (an interesting version of JAMES BRIDIE'S *A Sleeping Clergyman*).

Releases include *Pool of London* (7/3/51), a well-done melodrama with a documentary basis, and an energetic crime piece with JAMES CAGNEY, *Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye* (29/11/50). RICHARD MALLETT



[Storm Warning

Girl on Edge

Marsha Mitchell—GINGER ROGERS

FROM THE CHINESE

THE AMBASSADOR

"IN the far, old-fashioned times,"
 Said the scribe Ching Fo,
 "Every great ruler
 Sent to the court
 Of every other ruler
 An ambassador,
 Chosen for his discretion,
 His intelligence,
 His charm of manner
 And his ability to speak
 The language of the country.
 The ambassadors dwelt
 In costly state
 And were richly rewarded.
 But through their labours
 Each ruler
 Was acquainted
 With the minds
 Of other rulers,
 And could communicate
 A tender greeting
 Or sharp complaint
 Quietly.
 Without telling the world,
 Angering a foreign people,
 Or alarming the peasants
 Tending their flocks.
 'But secrecy,'
 Said the Wise Men,
 'Is harmful and wicked.
 How can we trust
 The whispering rulers,
 Keeping the peace
 Behind our backs
 With ambassadors
 We did not choose?'
 So in these brighter times,"
 Said the scribe Ching Fo,
 "The Wise Men
 Of the Four Kings
 Gather together
 In the market-place
 And publicly
 Abuse each other.
 None of the Wise Men
 Is acquainted
 With the language
 Of any other,
 But hired scholars
 Who know all the tongues
 Cleverly divine
 The meaning
 Of the principal insults
 And distribute it
 (Or something like it)
 To all who can hear.
 But, naturally,
 Before the Wise Men meet

It must be decided
 Upon what subjects
 The Wise Men
 Are to abuse each other.
 Accordingly,
 With this intent.
 Four Lesser Wise Men
 Assemble
 In the market-place
 And publicly
 Abuse each other
 In many tongues.
 Doubt prevails,
 Rancour increases
 For a moon or two.
 The peasants,
 Hewing their wood,
 Tremble and chatter;
 And it is thought
 By the sage Lo Wang
 That Four Inferior Wise Men

Should first assemble
 To decide
 Upon what matters
 The Lesser Wise Men
 Should abuse each other.
 But all this, evidently,
 Is a better way
 To Understanding
 And Harmonious Dealing
 Than secret whispers
 In the rulers' courts.
 Meanwhile, the ambassadors
 Still dwell
 In foreign cities,
 In costly state,
 And are richly rewarded.
 It is to be disputed,"
 Said the scribe Ching Fo,
 "Just what
 An ambassador is for."

A. P. H.



"Yes, I started in quite a small way with
 a gramophone and eight records."

THE WRITER'S CRAFT

X. GATHERING MATERIAL

DURING my examination of the methods of an imaginary ape specialist I have already touched on the art of gathering material for the informative article. I should now like to consider the subject from the point of view of the fiction writer, and the material I have in mind is that which he must have before he can put pen to paper in the most important part of his task—the creation of convincing characters.

The best material is usually taken from life. Occasionally, I know, a striking character is supplied by the imagination, but it is not often of a kind suited to popular fiction. Consider the Ancient Mariner. Let us take this character just as he stands—glittering eye, long grey beard, garrulity and rather unbalanced outlook—clap him into top-hat and tails, and try to introduce him into some smart, sophisticated story—*The Green Hat*, for example. What is the result? An immediate feeling of awkwardness. The man would be a consummate artist indeed who could slant his pen at such an angle as to tackle without foreboding a page of dialogue between the Ancient Mariner and, say, Napier Harpenden or Iris Storm.

It is to life, then, that we must go for our characters. How are we to set about it?

Well, we must not expect to be so lucky as to find in real life a character colourful enough to step without any modification whatever into the pages of our novel or short story. What we must do is to look here for a nose, there for eyes, somewhere else for voice, dress, mannerisms, disposition and so on. Then, in the silence of the study, we consider what we have collected—a love of Chopin, a trick of rubbing the pipe bowl on the nose, a double chin, glaring eyes, a flute-like voice—whatever it may be; and, if we have the skill, with one powerful contortion of the mind we compress these elements into a well-knit hero, fit nucleus for a tale that will be snapped up avidly by almost any editor or publisher. Let me describe

how some years ago, in little over an hour, I was able to collect the material on which I based the principal character in my *The Proide o' Ballymacappity*—a work perhaps not altogether unknown to my readers.

First, I noticed in a butcher's shop a tall, graceful girl with a proud, finely-cut face and dark, passionate eyes, who was trying to buy a kidney. The butcher, a swarthy, intellectual-looking man with exceptionally large ears, had an Irish accent and a penetrating, raucous laugh. A few minutes later, at lunch, I had an argument with a friend. As he made each point he would strike the table a violent blow and throw himself back in his chair, puffing out his moustache and staring me out of countenance. Before I went to bed that night I had put together a delightfully meaty heroine, and, what is more, the process of building up had pointed the way to a considerable part of my background and plot.

Now here, I think, I had better anticipate a possible objection. Is it likely, my readers may ask, that a tall, graceful girl, with very large ears, a proud, finely-cut face, an Irish accent, dark passionate eyes, a penetrating laugh and a trick of throwing herself back in her chair and blowing out her *lips* (intelligent adaptation is necessary, but of course this particular point is simply common sense)—is it likely that such a girl would make a strong emotional appeal to a large public? Yes, I reply, certainly! The fact is that the public is now tired of the conventional chocolate-box type of heroine, and begins to demand something more unusual. A reader will pass with a yawn over "a sweet, serious face, the eyes a little abstracted," but when he comes to "and a rather red nose" his interest is rekindled.

As I have said, the process of building up my character helped me both with background and plot. I have no space to do more than hint how this came about, but of course the raucous laugh and the habit of

blowing out the lips were out of keeping with the atmosphere of a conventional romance, and indicated a heroine more in the nature of a woman captain of industry, or something of the kind, while the Irish accent suggested a possible locale.

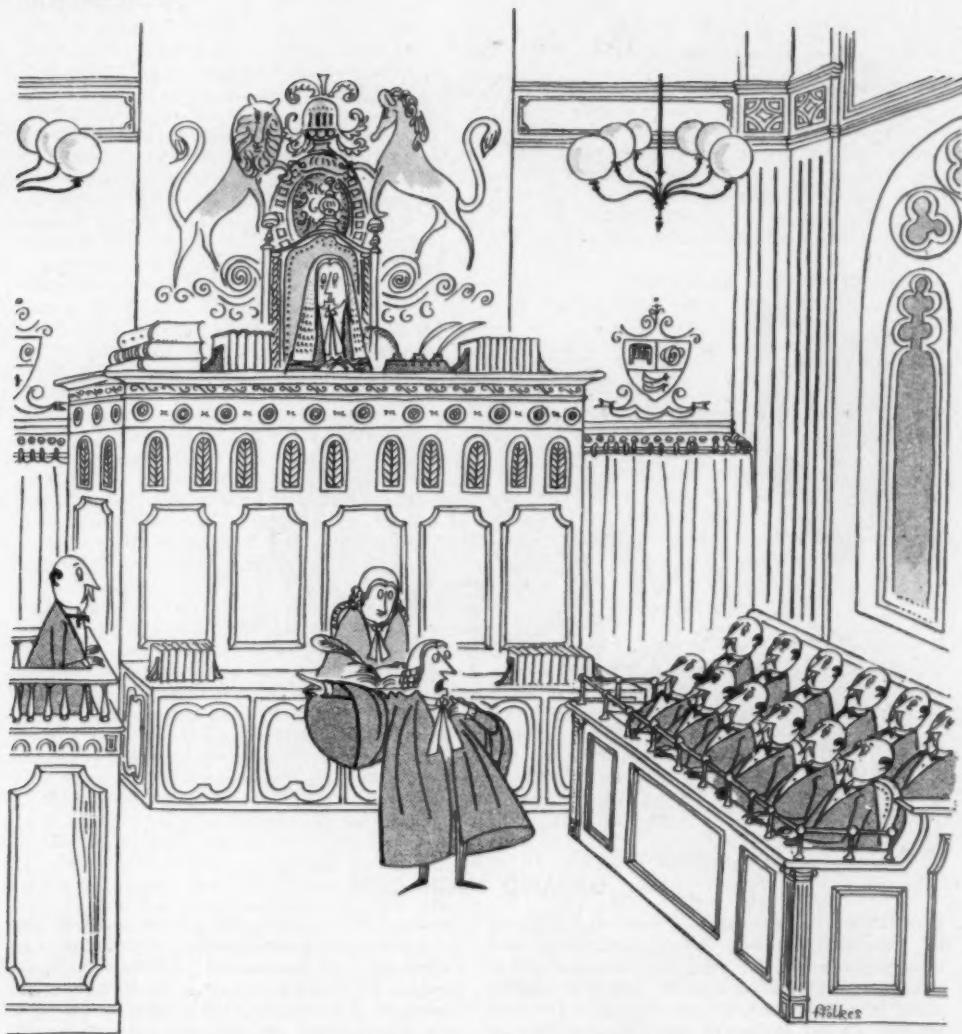
In this kind of character building it is advisable to make use of a notebook, but the greatest care must be taken to keep it out of sight. As an enthusiastic youngster many years ago, I remember, while playing chess with a friend I whipped out my book and scribbled "Moth-like, bulging eyes, and an expression of oafish stupefaction." Most unfortunately it turned out that my friend had the knack of reading upside-down, and so distressing was the scene that followed that never from that day to this have I ventured to record my impressions on the spot. I rely on visual memory, but it is not a satisfactory substitute. In the case of my *The Proide o' Ballymacappity*, for example, when I tried to call up a mental picture of my table-thumping friend I found that not only did he throw himself back in his seat but went completely over and crashed on to the floor with his legs in the air. To have attempted to saddle my heroine with such a habit would have meant introducing an atmosphere of robust farce, which would have clashed violently with the proud, finely-cut face. (Less advanced students may be puzzled by this, but I fear I must push on.) After a good deal of trouble I succeeded in ridding my mind of the fancy.

My procedure now is to make my notes at the end of each day, and I try to phrase them as vividly as possible so as to fix the impressions firmly in my mind. Here is the page devoted to yesterday's notes:

"The face of a Roman Emperor under an over-large bowler hat."

"He swallowed his beer with a lion-like impassivity."

"A sweet, spiritual smile, patched gum-boots, a vacant laugh and the chest of a Hercules."



"... and I ask, gentlemen, if this is the face of a villain, a cheat and a parasite?"

"Greeting me with the melancholy gravity of a Spanish grandee, he threw himself into a chair like a couple of hundredweight of potatoes."

"President Truman's second name is 'Shippe.'"

I have transcribed the page as it stands. The last item will not, of

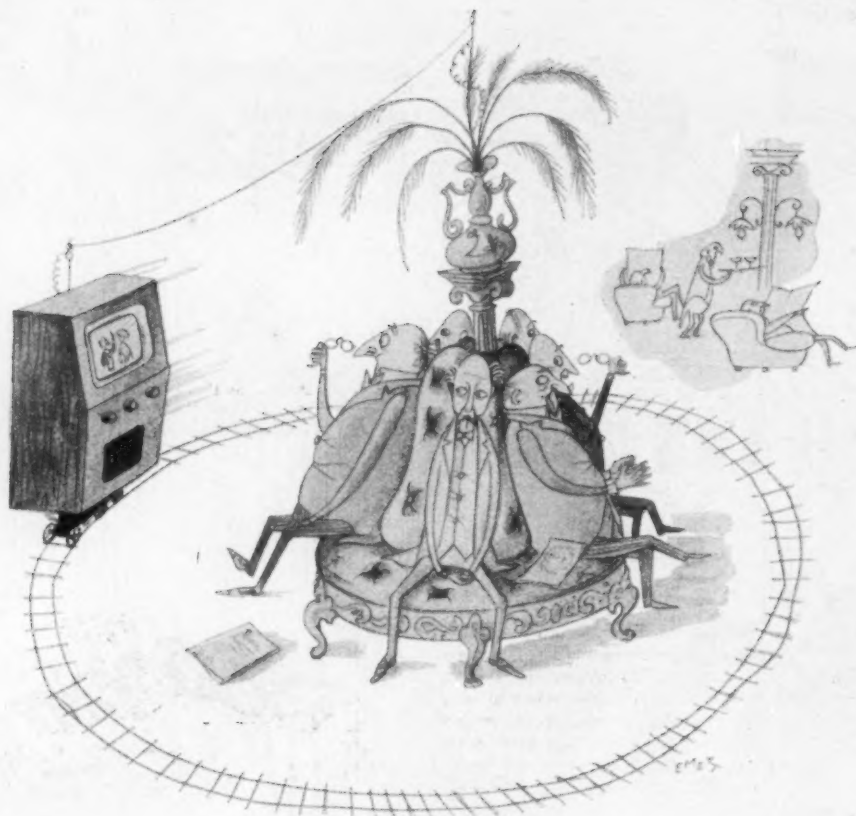
course, be used for character building: no doubt it will find its way in due course into some informative article or other. As to the rest, I already have my character. Perhaps readers would care to use the material I have collected to fashion one for themselves?

T. S. WATT

"Messrs. McMullen and Sons, brewers, of Hertford, have only 12 of their staff ill from a total of 120 in the brewery and offices, and the personnel manager does not consider this figure excessive at this time of the year."

An engineering firm, however, reports a 'flu sick list as high as 10 per cent of the staff."—"Hertfordshire Mercury"

It's not what you say, it's the way that you say it.



US AND HIGH LIFE

SOCIETY, which I would have spelt with a capital S if the word had come later in the sentence, owes much to people like us. Are we not the most faithful, if the most consistently non-paying, supporters of those glossy magazines which abound in sitting-out couples enjoying a joke? Do we ever buy a tin of saddle-soap for our shoes without giving the impression that we are an old county family keeping the harness up? The answer, in both cases, is yes. That we shun horse-riders, and know very well that the sitting-out couple is only giving the photographer a nice smile, shows that our respect for high life has never affected our common sense. We know our station, and we keep to it.

Mind you, there are times when Society and we get quite close together. I am not, or not for the moment, thinking of how we sometimes find ourselves in restaurants with a carpet *and* table-cloths down to the floor; I refer to evening dress, where the oldest county family has nothing over us in regretting the decline of elegance. Looking back on the years before the war we see them

telescoped like mad into a rich panorama of bath-salts and special evening stockings that laddered at the toes. I admit that I am speaking now for those of us who are women. Evening dress was never, for men, more than a question of having the right trousers, coats, waist-coats, shirts, collars, ties and socks and putting them together as the occasion demanded. But we women needed what I can only describe as a wardrobe. We weren't satisfied unless we had one dress we couldn't wear and one we didn't like. Thinking now of the houses where we flounced carefully downstairs to dinner, and how cold they must have been because they were always other people's, what we can't understand is how we didn't get pneumonia once a fortnight. Nowadays we'd put a duffle coat on top and blame the weather on the Government.

Well, things are different now, and we can all, men and women alike, sit in the stalls wearing clothes which are no more than tidy, and hoping the pit realizes we could look like Row E if we tried. But even to-day

you can sometimes see us dressed to white tie level and dazzling the Underground, and it might be worth mentioning that our haughty expressions are a façade. We don't want to start a revolution or have people staring glumly at our shoes, we're just going to Piccadilly Circus for sevenpence.

Comparing our own lives with the social round as we see it in the magazines we realize how much and how little we have in common with these camera-haunted pleasure seekers. I reckon we appear very much as they do when we are taken out to lunch in a restaurant with seats along the wall; I mean, all sideways and animated, with one hand clutching the base of a wine-glass. Animation comes naturally in restaurants to those who eat in their kitchens to keep warm. I think, though, that we rather give ourselves away by our interest in the celebrities, an interest expressed by a casual glance with a follow-through.

I've been going on about restaurants because really there isn't much else we do have in common with the glossy magazines. How often have any of us propped ourselves on shooting-sticks in a group which the waiting-room public—if it has finished the magazine—reverts to as a Jumbled Couples puzzle? Never, to be honest. We've all got embroiled in at least one point-to-point in our lives, but if we sat on a shooting-stick it wasn't in a group; a single fellow-impostor stood by, waiting for a turn before we gave it back. And I can't pretend that even those of us who were lent shooting-sticks have been to a Hunt Ball. The nearest most of us have ever got to dancing with people who must have found us as other-world as we found them is night clubs. We did sometimes go to night clubs, roped in as a fourth. No one could say that these queer places have shaped our lives, but we do take a simple pride in the ones we've been to, the ones that aren't there now.

I've been saving our real social triumphs to the last. In the mass, with all of us weighing in, they would strike awe: celebrities sat next to at dinner or trapped in corners with us in some crowded studio; tennis parties in ancestral homes; invitation cards we can't bear to take off the mantelpiece; little bits of *The Times* kept from the days when they did right by weddings; dances that lasted all night; and weeks when we saw the same unknown face twice in the same restaurant. I could go on indefinitely, but we don't want to show off. What we do want is to tell people something they couldn't have guessed: that we are no strangers to flash-bulbs. We've all met them, some of us at theatre entrances, with the crowd wondering who we are, and we can assure you that it's quite an experience; with just what result we could say better if any of us had ever seen the photographs.

ANDE

"General Collins, United States Chief of Staff, said yesterday that it was intended to increase the strength of the army to three and a half men in the next few months and even this figure might have to be exceeded later."

"Sudan Star"

Are you listening over there in the Kremlin?

BACK ROOM JOYS

SEEING OUR NAME IN PRINT

SEEING our name in print we are always surprised.

We keep on looking, can't get acclimatized.

Living inside ourselves, we now suddenly feel
That to the outside world, as well, we are something
real;

There's a person called us, solid, in black and white—
And we like the sight.

It's such a firm, well-spelt, well-balanced, euphonious
name,

Not fancy, not cranky, but not *exactly* the same;
And it does sort of seem to stand out.

Our friends will see it, no doubt.

They'll tell us they've seen it; we'll say "Oh, have
you?" and smile

Half deprecatingly, as if it were *rather* a trial—
All this publicity, quite the pursued public figure.

But the smile *will* get broader and bigger

And the modesty more and more forced—

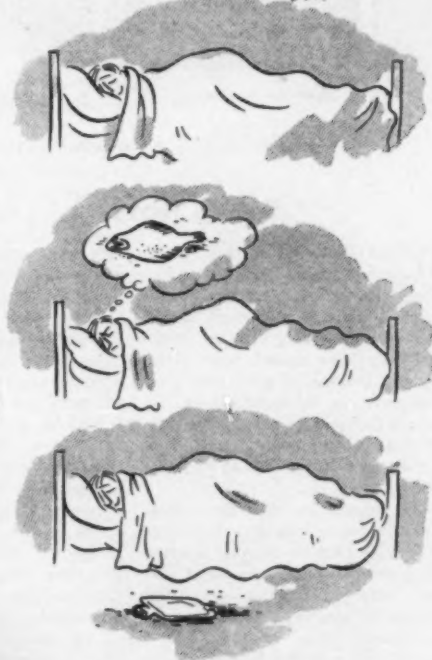
Even if it's only a report

Of our being fined at the local court

For exceeding the speed-limit, and had our licence
endorsed.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON

QUENTIN
STAKE





"I believe I've sold someone my torch."

NOTES

BRIGADIER HOGG and Symson have both been saying for a long time that they are anxious to reach a peaceful settlement of all matters outstanding between them, and they have agreed, tentatively on the Brigadier's part and provisionally on Symson's part, to have a two-power conference either at Entwistle's house or mine when a date convenient to both of them can be arranged.

To clear the air before they actually come together, however, they have been exchanging a series of notes. The Brigadier sent the first note six months ago, after Symson's bonfire burned down part of his back fence.

In this note the Brigadier said

that he understood that Symson was going about saying that the burning down of the fence was purely accidental, owing to a sudden change of wind, but that, knowing Symson to be a man who on no single occasion within living memory had ever told the truth about anything, he could not accept this explanation. His own theory was that Symson had deliberately burned down the fence so that his (Symson's) hens would have free access to anything edible in his (Brigadier Hogg's) back garden. Brigadier Hogg added, however, that the door was not closed against a peaceful settlement.

Symson's note in reply to this was a categorical denial of the

Brigadier's charges, which he described as unscrupulous and irresponsible. He added that it did not surprise him in the least to find the Brigadier making unscrupulous charges, because his name had been a byword for dishonesty in the town ever since the blue and pink snooker balls from the table at the Conservative Club were found in his overcoat pocket at Christmas 1935. Symson added that he was quite willing to meet the Brigadier at the vicarage with a view to arriving at a peaceful settlement, although he was perfectly certain that if a peaceful settlement were arrived at the Brigadier, as always in the past, would fail to keep his part of the bargain.

The Brigadier's note, after categorically denying Symson's charge about the snooker balls, said that a peaceful settlement was still his aim, but that a meeting at the vicarage was quite impossible since the vicar was a member of the Symson *bloc*. If Symson cared to call at Bombay Lodge on February 5, however, the Brigadier would lock up the spoons and put his cards on the table.

Symson replied rather acidly that since this note from the Brigadier was not posted until February 6 it had clearly been issued for propaganda purposes.

The Brigadier replied that Symson was a fine one to talk about propaganda, after giving the *Munton Observer* an interview that was a tissue of lies from beginning to end.

Symson replied that at any rate he had been interviewed in his own name and not got other members of his *bloc* to write to *The Observer* signing themselves Pro Bono Publico and Indignant.

Entwistle and I both feel that if a venue can be found agreeable to both parties, and a suitable date fixed, and all the really awkward matters at issue left off the agenda, a two-power conference should be called at the earliest possible moment. It might not achieve very much, but it would at least enable Symson and Brigadier Hogg to vilify one another in decent privacy.

D. H. BARBER

TWO MEN ON A PORK PIE

"TAKE pork pies, for instance." Tarpaulin uses shock tactics like this as a first line of attack. Before I could stop myself my paper dropped and I said "What do you mean, pork pies?"

He was beside me, eagerly, in an instant.

"I mean those little round things one finds on railway stations, looking like miniature hat boxes—or pork pie hats. Interesting things. You don't think so, do you?"

"No," I said.

"Well then, tell me this. Why is the inside stuff such a bad fit?"

"Well—"

"Does the shell of the thing stretch, or is it that the inside shrinks with age? And if it does, is it possible, perhaps in the buffet of some branch-line station, to find a pie so old that the filling has become infinitesimally small?"

"Look here—" I said.

"Wait," said Tarpaulin. "Here's another possibility. What if the air inside the pie is for buoyancy?"

"Buoyancy?"

"So that if it falls into water it will float around until it is retrieved. You've never considered the possibility of unsinkable pork pies for use as emergency rations in life-boats, have you?"

"No, and I—"

"Or the possibility that some adventurous spirit will build himself a very large pork pie and cross the Atlantic in it?"

I stood up.

"You may consider this amusing," I said, "but—"

"Amusing!" He gave a hollow laugh, and waved his arms. "Do you find the thought of an immense pork pie crossing the Atlantic amusing? Amusing! I tell you, it keeps me awake at nights. All night I see nothing but the Atlantic Ocean covered with tremendous pork pies. I can't get it out of my mind. And you find it amusing!"

I sat down again.

"Another interesting thought," said Tarpaulin, becoming suddenly quiet again, "is, which is the more important—pork or pie? In other

words, is the crust built primarily to be eaten, or merely as a box to keep the inside—inside?"

"Well, obviously," I said, "the meat is—"

"Why obviously? Not obviously at all. Look at it this way: Imagine a pork pie. Now imagine a pie with no pork in it. Have you got it?"

"Yes."

"Now try to imagine the pork with no pie."

"Well—"

"Exactly. All you get is an unpleasant blur. As for a pork pie with neither pork nor pie—that's ridiculous, don't you agree?"

I agreed.

"However, an interesting possibility emerges," he went on. "To prevent bottlenecks why not take empty pie-crusts back to the railway station for refilling? To avoid confusion the name of the station could be stamped on the bottom, with 'Property of H.M. Government,' or whatever applies. After all, whatever pie-crust is made of is bound to be in short supply."

I felt a curious feeling of unreality stealing over me, and fought against it.

"Don't you think," I said, "that you make things a little too involved?"

"Ah, that's what everyone thinks. You don't realize that pork pie construction is among the most skilled of engineering operations. Any fool can tell where a bridge will break, but it takes a clever man to construct a pork pie that can be dropped without disintegrating and at the same time bitten without dental damage. You don't know, of course, that in St. James's Street is a Pork Pie Club, where pork pies made of plastic are placed in wind tunnels and shot against walls to see what happens?"

"No," I said.

"Or that much secret research has been carried out on bullet-proof and blast-proof pies for use in the field?"

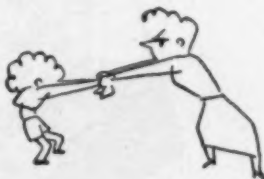
"No."

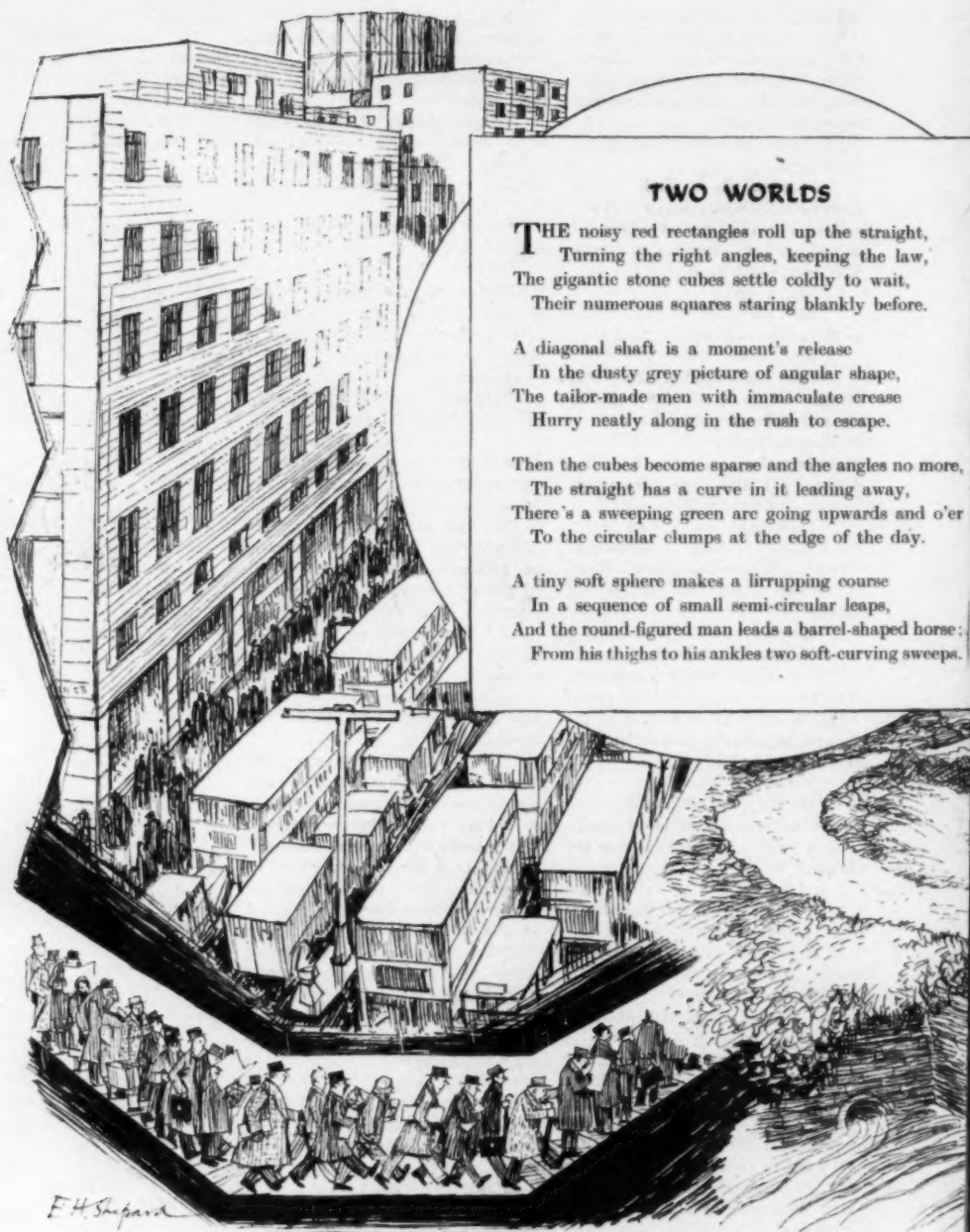
"Or that a lightweight pie-crust helmet has been perfected? No, of course not. But there you

are—interesting things going on wherever you look, and you don't realize it."

He picked up my paper, glanced at the front page, and wandered off towards old Tuttle in the far corner.

"Nothing in the paper again, I see," he said as he left me.





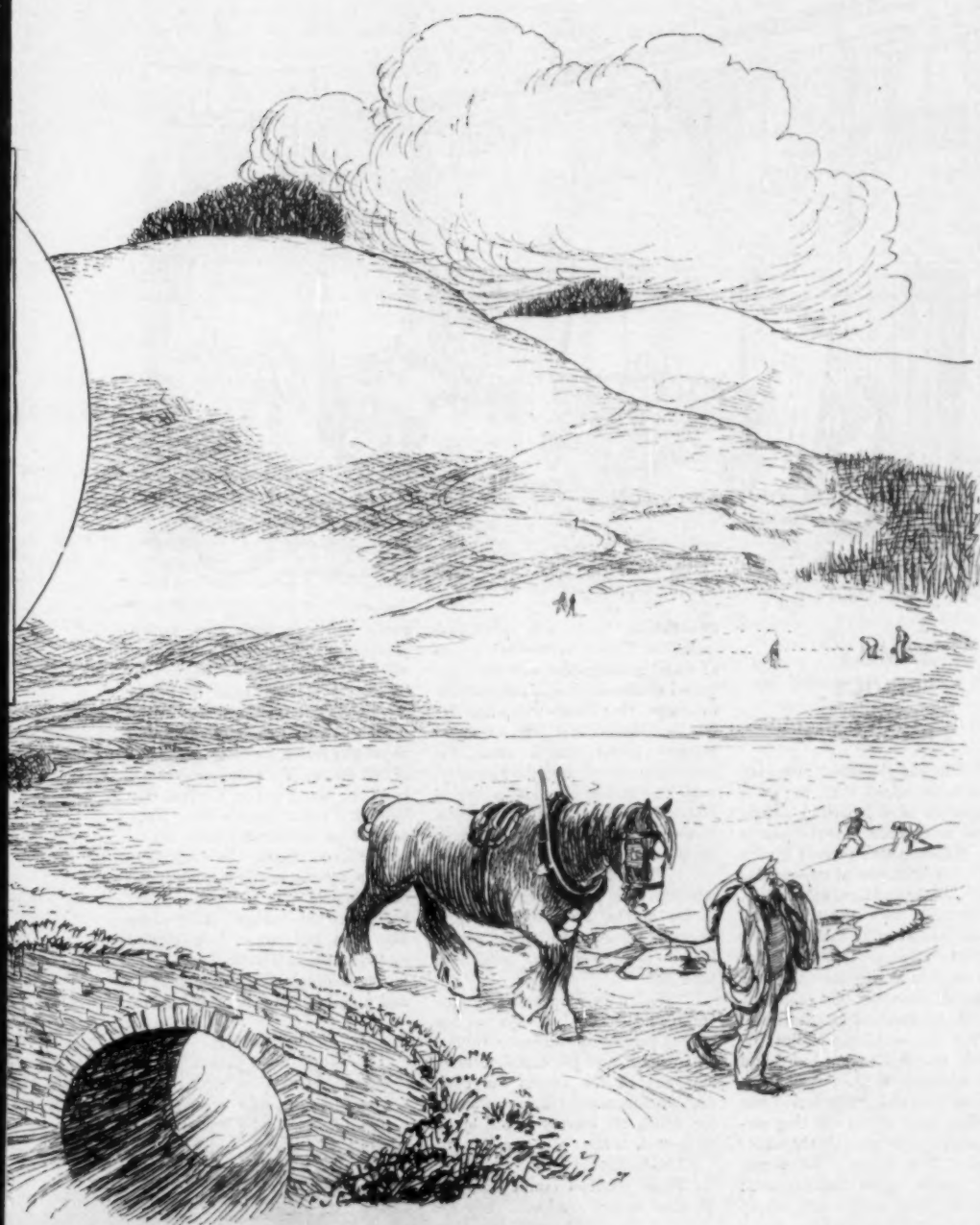
TWO WORLDS

THE noisy red rectangles roll up the straight,
Turning the right angles, keeping the law,
The gigantic stone cubes settle coldly to wait,
Their numerous squares staring blankly before.

A diagonal shaft is a moment's release
In the dusty grey picture of angular shape,
The tailor-made men with immaculate crease
Hurry neatly along in the rush to escape.

Then the cubes become sparse and the angles no more,
The straight has a curve in it leading away,
There's a sweeping green arc going upwards and o'er
To the circular clumps at the edge of the day.

A tiny soft sphere makes a lirrapping course
In a sequence of small semi-circular leaps,
And the round-figured man leads a barrel-shaped horse:
From his thighs to his ankles two soft-curving sweeps.





FAMILY SERVICE UNITS

EVEN in our gloomiest moments we must admit that, big as is the mess we have inherited, things are now much better for the poorer poor. Experiments, proved over a long period, have passed into regular practice; State and local authorities, side by side with the voluntary societies, are steadily tackling with a skill born of research the particular problems that constitute the giant problem of poverty. On paper, at any rate, no one should be destitute.

That is something. But, as the tide of relief covers more and more sections of the very poor, it throws into sharper isolation one for which none of the existing services can possibly provide the whole answer. This is the "submerged tenth," made up of families sunk in apathy and filth, but above all in apathy. During the war a

remarkable book was published called *Our Towns*, written by a group of social investigators who were appalled at the conditions revealed by evacuees. *Our Towns* was a horrifying indictment that left no right-minded person much room for complacency. It described bluntly, with the fullest documentation, a state of affairs in our cities shameful to any civilized nation; and two of its paragraphs ran like this:

"[The submerged tenth] is like a hidden sore, poor, dirty, and crude in its habits, an intolerable and degrading burden to decent people forced by poverty to neighbour with it."

"Within this group are the 'problem families,' always on the edge of pauperism and crime, riddled with mental and physical defects, in and out of the courts for child neglect, a menace to the community, for which the gravity is out of all proportion to their numbers."

The italics are mine.

These problem families are the absolute urban residue. They are stuck at the very bottom of society

partly through their own faults, partly through circumstances; but when we take a look at the circumstances it is very hard to blame them for their faults. Many of the parents are mentally dulled and physically feeble, the damaged goods of our slums. They have too many children, too quickly, so that the mother is old at twenty-five. They live in sheds, tumbledown attics, condemned mews, in dripping, broken, rat-run hovels in which none of us would put a horse. Their habits are sub-human. They sleep five in a bed, on a bug-infested mattress on a sluttish floor. The father is only marginally in work, and much of the time they survive



on public assistance; but in any case they have no idea of budgeting. The pawnshop and the moneylender are as far as they can think. Bread-and-marge is their staple; the mother has no glimmering of intelligent diet, and, when she cooks, it is probably over a handful of coal in a cracked fireplace. The furniture disappears into pop. What food they have is kept on stained newspapers on the table. Sometimes the gas is cut off, and then only candle-ends light these grotesque warrens. I will spare you their smell. These families have every sort of disease. Their chaos is a descending spiral of depression, in which nerves crack, fathers go off, mothers cease to care, and children as they grow up attend school irregularly and jam the juvenile courts. These unhappy people have long been the despair of social workers who have done their best to help them from particular angles, but it has never been anybody's business to deal with them as a whole. The Government has admitted this gap in the welfare state.

It was to try to fill it that Family Service Units were started in 1946, their pattern being taken from work pioneered during the war. They rely precariously on public subscription, but are also helped in varying degrees by local authorities. The unit we visited covers Kensington and Paddington, but there are others in Liverpool, Manchester, York and Sheffield, operating as actively on similar lines. They have

all demonstrated that even in the worst cases there remains a lingering spark of self-respect, that may be fanned with infinite patience and encouragement into a life-sized flame.

This typical unit in London is staffed by three whole-time paid members, one a woman, and there is also a student in training. They form a close team, living together in a house to which worried customers can come at any hour. Each member takes on a dozen to fifteen cases, recommended to the unit by one of the other bodies. Since a main function is to be a focus for all existing services, contacts with the local authorities and voluntary societies are important. But friendship with the families ranks first. The unit visits tactfully, and gradually breaks down the defence barriers put up by dazed people who are sick of being called on and who have anyway given up hope. It may take months to unravel psychological factors at the core of the trouble, but once confidence is established practical work begins. The family is disinfested and cleaned, and so are its rooms. It is encouraged to paint them, but if that is beyond it the unit does the painting. The mother is given brushes and buckets, and shown how to use them. She is taught to cook, and to think in terms of nourishment. She is persuaded to send the children to school, and make full use of hospitals and clinics. The landlord is interviewed about repairs. Clean bedding and necessary clothes and furniture are laid on through the various societies; the unit is not a supply body, but a channel. In short, the physical side of the family's life is straightened out. Then its finances are explored, and this is often a most tortuous business. A budget is at length drawn up, and the unit collects a weekly sum for paying rent and settling debts. If the father is unemployed work is found for him.

All this is a drawn-out, sometimes heartbreaking process. Mental results come last. The unit has no powers but friendship and its undaunted spirit, but its members are the right sort. They are known by

their Christian names in the dingiest alleys, and because they are not officials and are there to reduce the whole problem for every one of the family mental dividends show in the end. The new standard begins to be maintained, and with it arrives a change of outlook in which cheerful sanity takes the place of muddled squalor. In the long run the F.S.U. are proving extraordinarily successful.

There are four reasons, I think, why this enlightened service should, and indeed must, spread to other British cities. The first—it scarcely needs stressing—is that British citizens living as animals have the right to be helped to live as human beings. The second is that in their present conditions these people are a dangerous centre of infection, morally just as much as physically. The third, that in the F.S.U. we have a unique opportunity for case research. And the fourth, which is the answer to the question I can hear being asked by the hard-headed, is that in terms of national cash the F.S.U. are an undoubted economy. They sound, I admit, an expensive concentration on a single section of society. But have you ever considered what this section, unreformed, can cost us? An adult in prison for a year, £165; a juvenile in Borstal, £210; a child at an approved school, nearly £300. The F.S.U. exist partly to save us such heavy bills, and for only £30 it looks after a whole family for twelve months.

ERIC KEOWN





"'At last,' he said, drawing her into his arms."

"Who?"

DEAR SIR . . .

TO the best of my knowledge I had written only eight letters to the press in twenty-odd years. I had written to the *Radio Times* to contest the ruling that Purcell's "Trumpet Voluntary" was composed by Jeremiah Clark (letter not published); to the *Daily Express* during the great body-line controversy of 1932 (letter published as a single terse six-word sentence); to the *Manchester Guardian* in 1939 about hydroponics (unpublished); to the *Tail-Wagger* (incorporating *Your Dog and Mine*) in 1941 with a suggestion for a reinforced concrete kennel-shelter (published with a diagram); to the *Sun Bathing Review* about sun-bathing (published, but without the accompanying photograph); to the *New Statesman and Nation* protesting against the award of second prize in a

sonnet competition to someone rhyming "vase" with "cause" (unpublished); to *The Lancet* about some trifling misprint (not intended for publication); and to *The Times*, on January 5, 1946, about the etymology of the word "spiv."

That letter of January 5 proved a turning-point in my career as a newspaper correspondent, for *The Times* published it. It was not of course printed immediately—after all, I was only a beginner—but one fine day, after a week or more of anxiety, it appeared with startling abruptness at the foot of column seven. I write "one fine day" without fear of contradiction, for column one of the same page, which is etched upon the plate of my memory in photographic detail, reported that the weather for the "London Area, S.E. England"

would be "fine, rather cold" for the next twenty-four hours.

I read the letter through a few thousand times, observed that the date had, mercifully, been omitted, liked what I read—particularly the signature—and put the cutting away among my souvenirs.

Two days later a queer thing happened: I received a letter from the Nuesklip Press Cutting Agency, a most exciting letter. It contained a mimeographed message to men and women "in the public eye" and a piece of green paper printed with my name and pasted neatly with a cutting of my letter to *The Times*. The message urged me to lose no time in appointing Nuesklip my personal press-cutting agents.

If anything my letter looked even bigger and better now that it was fixed to the sheet of green

paper, so I sent off my guineas and sat back to await results.

Soon I received my first cuttings—two letters written to the editor of the *Whitehaven Argus* on the subject of spivs and signed "Alfred Bostock" and "Elizabeth Corbishly (Mrs.)." I found them somewhat disappointing. Then for six weeks I heard nothing further from the agency.

I did not blame Nuesklip for this hiatus in our business relations: I felt certain that they were doing their level best on my behalf. In fact I could imagine the scene in the office quite clearly . . .

"Nothing for 80327 again, Miss Heskyth?"

"No, sir, not a thing."

"Are you quite sure? You've covered the Provincials and the Trade Monthlies, I take it?"

"Cover to cover, sir. If you ask me, sir, it looks as though that letter to *The Times* was something of a flash-in-the-pan."

"You never know, Miss Heskyth. Maybe 80327 will turn up trumps one of these days."

Somehow I sensed that the manager had faith in me, and I worked furiously to justify it. During March and April I wrote fifty-three letters to the newspapers, and only one of them—a letter on National Savings—got into print. It was mentioned under "Points from Other Letters" in the *South Wales Chronicle*.

By the beginning of May I was at my wits' end. I felt that I was letting the Agency down. The situation was acutely embarrassing and the strain unbearable. Whenever I picked up my pen the entire staff of Nuesklip seemed to lean forward and breathe on my neck . . .

"Oh, dear," the senior clippie would say, "it's going to be another moan about the cost-of-living. Not a hope!"

"Poor old 80327! His style's so dull: all those pedantic circumlocutions!"

"No editor would let that through . . ."

At last I decided to end it all.

I wrote to the Agency—

Dear Sirs,—It cannot have escaped your notice that I have been compelled

these last few weeks to relinquish my interest in public affairs. The truth is that my doctors have ordered me a complete rest and a long sea voyage. I sail for South America to-morrow.

Thanking you for your help in the past, I remain . . .

Exactly a week later the green Nuesklip envelope appeared once again in my letter-box. It contained one cutting—from the Sports Supplement of the *Surrey Midweek*

Gazette. My name was printed in smallish type and was followed by

"— c. Hunter, b. Thread-needle, 0."

On May 16 there was another cutting:

"— lbw b. Copping, 2."

And on May 23:

"— hit wicket, b. Stubbs, 0."

All through the summer the clippings came in. They only added to my embarrassment.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

WERE YOU CALLING, DEAR?

COME into the garden, Maud,

With a little tin jug and spray;

The come-into-the-garden horde

Are crouched for the spring to-day;

The Sawfly legions are massed to maraud,

And the Big Bud's on his way.

Fleety the March Moths fly;

The Black Spot and Red Mite

loom;

The Weevil and Wireworm vie

To compass the fruitlet's doom;

And Pink Bud and Mouse Ear in ambush lie

For each little thrusting bloom.

Come into the garden, Maud,

Where the sap-drunk Capsids moan,

For the Codlin Moth's abroad,

And the Flea Beetle war-chants drone:

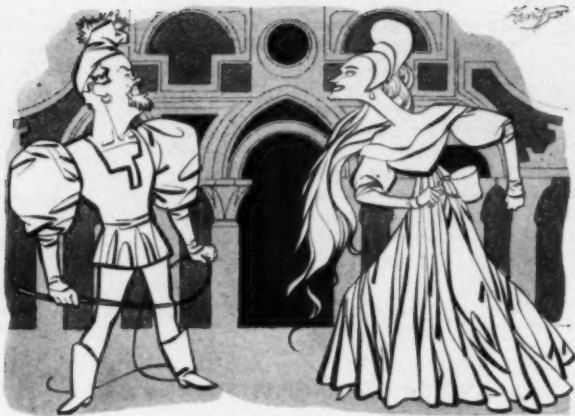
Come into the—how many more times? MAUD!

I can't handle this alone.

J. B. BOOTHROYD



"... and thirdly, the retort to the reply to the answer to the atom bomb."



Young Lady from Padua

Fred Graham (*Petruchio*)—MR. BILL JOHNSON
Lilli Vanessi (*Katharine*)—MISS PATRICIA MORISON

(Kiss Me, Kate)

AT THE PLAY

Kiss Me, Kate (COLISEUM)—*Count Your Blessings* (WYNDHAM'S)
Thieves' Carnival (BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY)

THE idea of a pair of stage stars who are divorced, on the verge of remarriage, and having a tremendous row while playing "*The Taming of the Shrew*" gives *Kiss Me, Kate* a mainspring far stronger than is normally fitted to musical comedy. The fury of *Katharine* takes on a new edge, and when *Petruchio* at last puts her across his knee and wallops her, after giving fair warning in incandescent asides, public feeling both in Padua and the Coliseum runs high. For the first twenty minutes or so I wondered, I confess, what basis enthusiasts back from Broadway had for their ecstasies, for the opening passages are conventional, sentimental and dull; and I wondered as well whether Shakespeare could be guyed without causing much more pain than pleasure. Once the piece got into its stride, however, these doubts faded rapidly. The stringing of Mr. COLE PORTER's pearls by Mr. SAM and Miss BELLA SPEWACK is skilful rather than brilliant, and sometimes a scene backstage seems a little

ordinary; but their burlesque of Shakespeare comes off splendidly, and he and COLE PORTER fuse together as if the whole thing had been cooked up jointly in a corner of the Globe. I find it very hard to judge the quality of tunes at a first hearing, but I should guess there are a number here we shall all be whistling. And the neatness and wit of the lyrics are immediately apparent.

There are only seven Americans in the cast, but the national contingents are, as the Chiefs of Staff would say, fully integrated. Those sudden explosions of mass rhythm we have learned to expect in New York musicals erupt excitingly, and Mr. SPEWACK has trained to the finest precision a team which provides a variety of song-and-dance talent; but finally the piece rests, triumphantly, on three players. Miss PATRICIA MORISON has all the guns for *Katharine*—looks, voice, charm, and devilry. London's first-night tribute to her was rightly deafening. Her best song, "I Hate Men," made the Paduan pewter fly, while every man in the audience

quailed in his seat. Then there is Mr. BILL JOHNSON, familiar from "*Annie*," who seems born to play an operatic *Petruchio*, with fire and humour and a voice like an organ. "I've Come To Wife It Wealthily In Padua" is his peak. And lastly there is Miss JULIE WILSON, who has the circular eyes of innocence and the sudden, deadly strike of an asp. Her venomously clever delivery of "Always True To You (In My Fashion)" nearly broke up the evening.

As big a draw as *Oklahoma*? I really don't know, but beyond doubt a winner, in which Shakespeare takes the chief tricks.

Mr. RONALD JEANS' *Count Your Blessings* seems to me a good deal funnier than his "Young Wives' Tale," which had an air of mechanical contrivance. This time his formula is not very different, but it carries more conviction. The device of a lost will was old, I imagine, in Pharaoh's day, yet he manages to treat acceptably the situation of a loving couple, sadly overdrawn, staging a temporary divorce in order to outwit the legal whims of a deceased aunt. In a house crammed with penniless paying guests there is a choice of co-respondents, and though a safe one is picked, a dangerous outsider makes the running.

Out of the husband's reluctance, and his wife's jealousy, Mr. NAUNTON WAYNE and Miss JOYCE



(Count Your Blessings)

Terpsichore and All That
Thelma Crossingham—MISS VIOLA LYEL

REDMAN, well paired, get domestic fun which is more innocent than it sounds.

This is a play which depends more on good business than wit, and the business, arranged by Mr. CHARLES HICKMAN, is excellent. Mr. WAYNE specializes in the hesitations of the decent little man, emotionally a stammerer, and Miss REDMAN delightfully applies the driving-force of warm and unruly temperament. The third member of an effective trio is Miss VIOLA LYEL, whose arch dancing-mistress, a savourer of life at second-hand, is a figure melting as well as comic.

It is worth a journey to see even an early Anouilh, and *Thieres' Carnival*, translated by Miss LUCIENNE HILL from "Le Bal Des Voleurs," was interesting, if mainly because one could trace in it many of Anouilh's recurrent themes. The older, lonely woman, tired of life and convinced that youth holds all the cards, is there, and so are the younger woman, proofed to love, the blissful children, the identically dressed men, the detached observer (in this case a clarinet player whose commentary is confined to haunting notes) and even the conservatory. Love is all, say the children, while their elders resignedly concur; and though not much more emerges from the play its background of crazy-gangsterism among the idle rich is lightly amusing in the manner of a charade. The Birmingham Repertory Company, produced by Mr. DOUGLAS SEALE, captures its spirit well, and Miss HAZEL HUGHES, Miss CHRISTINE FINN and Mr. RAY JACKSON particularly catch its feeling. Mr. JOHN HOTCHKIS has provided an ironic score, and Mr. PAUL SHELVEY settings to match.

Recommended

For a light evening: *Gay's the Word* (Saville) with Cicely Courtneidge enchanting, though not well enough supported; *To Dorothy, a Son* (Savoy) a wild comedy; and, always with the reservation that it's a shocking muddle, *A Penny for a Song* (Haymarket), which has extremely funny moments.

ERIC KEOWN

ADDING A BIT

IT is generally conceded that the proportions of a work of art should be as the artist intended them. To cut down a painting (or add to it) is rightly looked on with disfavour. If the artist has done his work well, nothing in it can be altered without harm to the total effect. In so far as the architect is an artist it would therefore seem right to treat his work with the same respect as a painting or drawing. Few people would dream of adding to the Parthenon—even if there were any practical reason for doing so. Yet with



architecture in general the issue is not quite so plain. There are buildings, like so many of our old English country houses, which grow through the ages into a whole series of shells for successive inmates. There is the Tudor nucleus, the Georgian front—and, perhaps, the owner (wincing slightly) will say "Of course, they put on that annexe in 1870." The result appeals to a taste, which still exists, for the picturesque and the irregular—shall we call it the Gothic element in the national character, as opposed to the classic? Use, or usefulness, however, comes into it too. If the function of a building changes, and it is to go on being useful, the building also must change. To keep it unaltered its function must remain exactly what it was. Old university buildings, for instance, are happy, even in the modern age, not only because of their charm but because they are used as they were originally meant to be. The student of to-day is perfectly at home in the little cell of his mediæval counterpart. It is the building planned for a form of society no longer existing that sets a problem—a problem like that of Carlton House Terrace, subject of so much recent debate.

What makes it difficult for the public to judge in the matter is that Use and Art are forced into opposite camps. How is one to weigh the needs of the Foreign Office against the effect of a skyline? Without doubt the architect, John Nash, planned his Terrace with care—and

imagination—as a combination of art and use, complete in itself. For the public, a well-composed façade on the route of processions, the Mall; for the tenant, the secluded magnificence of the inner terrace, the spacious interiors. But to serve the uses of a growing Government department it too must grow: add to itself another story and lose, inevitably, the effect that Nash, as an artist, intended. However tactful the addition, the building will cease to be his, just as the Bank of England after enlargement ceased to be the work of Sir John Soane.

So much the critic of art can assert with confidence, as a reason for keeping the Terrace as it is. And yet . . . it is not now as it was. It is already half spoilt. It has acquired in the course of time as curious and varied a selection of chimneys as even a capital noted for the singularity of its chimney pots can afford. Its outline has been altered. Surviving the earlier controversy of 1933, the upper works of a building in Carlton Gardens rear above the façade and break its unity, as seen from the Mall. Plainly visible from the inner terrace and warring with the ordered plan is a jungle of brick walls, dusty glass cupolas, strange abutments. Someone, moreover, must occupy it, it could hardly be a museum exhibit, void of life. Indeed, while we have been discussing (among other things) possible tenants, the Civil Service has already moved in. O.H.M.S. vans unload at the secluded doors the immense stacks of paper apparently indispensable to our civilization. Pieces of plywood partition the palatial interiors. The bureaucratic trestle replaces the Regency table. If it is the first step that counts the altered Terrace is a *fait accompli*.

What would Nash have done if he could be recalled to advise us? Probably he would start over again with a new building, solving the new problems of function and even, in this way, making it more splendid.

WILLIAM GAUNT



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, March 12th

The House of Commons assembled to-day in the mood of an audience which, on arrival at the theatre, finds in the programme a small slip regretting that Mr. or Miss So-and-So is unable to appear and that the understudy is taking over. Much the same feelings of interested anticipation and readiness to be kind to the newcomer no doubt moved our legislators as they gathered in force to await the rise of the curtain.

For after the last performance on Friday, Stage Manager ATTLEE had done a bit of switching round, with the result that Mr. ERNEST BEVIN, for so long Foreign Secretary, was now Lord Privy Seal, while Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, for so long Lord President of the Council, now appeared as Foreign Secretary. And Lord ADDISON had swapped the office of Lord Privy Seal for that of Lord President of the Council.

So big a change in the familiar cast was bound to produce some surprises. It did. There was a question to the Lord President of the Council—and up got Mr. MORRISON, probably out of sheer force of habit, to reply. And then there was another question to the L.P.—and up got Mr. CHUTER EDE, Home Secretary, to reply. And then, just as the Foreign Office questions were called for answer, Mr. MORRISON rose purposefully, and walked out, leaving Mr. KENNETH YOUNGER, Minister of State, to reply.

By now the general atmosphere had become that appropriate to a whodunit play, with nobody quite sure who was going to do what, when. So it was no particular surprise when Mr. HENRY STRAUSS rose and complained that *Hansard* has been guilty of one of its rare noddings. It appeared that Mr. S. had been listed as having voted in a division last Friday, whereas he had not even been present. Moreover,

although only one hundred and two votes were cast, one hundred and five Members had been credited with voting.

Mr. Speaker said he would have it looked into.

Mr. ORR-EWING complained that the B.B.C., in its "Any Questions" feature, had discussed a matter that was judicially before the House—an allegation that a Member had sent the letter of a constituent to the writer's superior. This matter being *sub judice*, submitted Mr. ORR-EWING, it should not have been the subject of comment on the air.



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Mr. W. J. Edwards
Civil Lord of the Admiralty
(Stepney)

Mr. Speaker ruled that a *prima facie* case of breach of privilege appeared, but Mr. SYDNEY SILVERMAN (who had raised the privilege point out of which this new one arose) contended that the interests of free speech and free comment demanded that the House ignore the B.B.C.'s action.

Mr. CHUTER EDE—this time as new Leader of the House—reminded Members that *all* reports of Parliament were a breach of privilege, but added (like the realist he is) that there would be grave complaint if Parliament were *not* fully reported and commented on. At the same time he thought the matter should go to the Committee of Privileges, and the House so resolved.

A debate on the Navy Estimates always draws a full House, and the audience to-day included Earl MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA and another figure in unfamiliar "civvies"

who turned out to be the First Sea Lord, Lord FRASER.

Mr. LEONARD CALLAGHAN, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, presented the Estimates, and the House liked the obvious pride he felt in the Navy's prestige and efficiency. It was an inspiring picture that Mr. C. drew of the Navy's many duties and of the way in which it performed them, tirelessly, day and night.

Mr. JIM THOMAS was, on the whole, pleased with the report, but asked whether we really had so many "little ships" that we could afford to give them away, or even sell them. There should also, he said, be an air-crew reserve for the Navy. And the heavier and more powerful our bombers became, the more considerable our land forces, the greater would become the task of the Royal Navy in seeing that vital supplies reached them safely.

Mr. JOE MALLALIEU, who had wartime experience on both lower and upper decks, handed what he called his "annual bouquet" to the Admiralty (on its efficiency) and threw his "annual brickbat" (on the treatment of ratings in the lesser things of life). It was a neat, sailor-like little speech—but delivered in anything but a quarter-deck voice, so that many gems of wisdom may have been lost in transit.

The House sat till nearly 2 A.M. considering the R.N.

Tuesday, March 13th

The House can rarely have appeared in so bad a light as it did to-day. Tempers, particularly on the Government side, flared unreasonably, and some Members on that side so far forgot themselves as to roar "*Shame!*" when Mr. Speaker gave a considered ruling.

The issue was the allegation made (in moderate but persistent

House of Commons:
Scene



"Costly, yes—but think of all the foreign tourists it will attract."

terms) by Mr. SYDNEY SILVERMAN that a Conservative M.P., Mr. JOHN RODGERS, had sent on to the Bishop of Rochester a letter written by a vicar who was one of Mr. R.'s constituents and one of the Bishop's clergy. The question was whether this constituted a breach of Parliamentary privilege as tending to undermine confidence in M.P.s generally.

The matter was raised last week, when, after a long argument, Mr. Speaker adjourned the discussion so as to prepare a considered ruling. To-day he gave it—that there was no *prima facie* case of breach of privilege. It was then that the incredible happened: the shouts of "Shame!" from the Labour benches. In the long history of Parliament the cry had probably never before been heard in such circumstances, for the rulings of Mr. Speaker are, by age-old tradition, accepted as law. There ensued another hour's argument, in the course of which Mr. RODGERS made a "personal statement" explaining that he had

sent on the vicar's letter because it contained criticisms of Church policy—besides "profoundly shocking" (if probably ironical) views on the desirability of substituting memorials to Hitler, Goering and Goebbels in our churches for those of the British war dead.

Mr. CHUTER EDE, going into action for the first time as Leader of the House, showed himself a strong and forceful leader by appealing pointedly to his enraged Labour followers for a fair hearing for Mr. RODGERS. They tried more than once to shout Mr. RODGERS down and to prevent his making the personal statement which, as Mr. Speaker pointed out, is the right of every M.P. when attacked.

And so into a debate on the State-owned egg-production failure in the Gambia. This was attacked by the Opposition, defended as a fair gamble by the Government. On a division on a Tory censure motion the Government won by eight votes.

Just to round off a day that will

not find its place on the credit side of the Parliamentary accounts the House sat till 3 A.M. quarrelling about this and that, mainly in the worst of tempers.

Wednesday, March 14th

There was another scene in the Commons to-day, when the Government's supporters again shouted with anger as

Mr. Speaker gave rulings. He was asked to say that a speech by Mr. ROBERT BOOTHBY forecasting stern and exhausting opposition from the Opposition was a breach of privilege, but declined to rule to that effect.

Before that, Mr. Speaker had complained that he was "not allowed a word" and that the House was "getting very excited." This was an understatement. The Tory "wearing-down" plan is taking its toll.

Ironically enough, the business before the House was the Civil Estimates.

House of Commons:
More Temper

GETTING USED TO IT

"IT'S a bit small, but one can get quite a nice game out of it," said Baxter, arranging a battered quarter-sized billiards table on the dining-room table. "Of course, you've got to get used to it."

Cox looked at the table.

"You two play," he said. "I've got neurasthenia."

He beat down our protests with effortless ease.

"Very well," said Baxter. "Take your choice of cues."

I looked at both of them.

"This tip," I said, "projects over the edge."

"Yes, it slipped while I was sticking it on," said Baxter. "But you'll soon get used to it. You can have this cue if you like."

"It curves at the end," I said.

"You're full of complaints tonight," said Cox. "Useful kind of cue, I should think, for hitting balls that are lying against the cushion."

"I'll take the one with the projecting tip," I said.

"Good," said Baxter. "I'll be crack and you be plain."

"Crack?"

"Yes, actually neither ball has

a spot on it, so we go by the crack. You'll soon get used to it."

He started off with a brilliant in-off the red. There are not many people who can play in-off the red from the starting position. The red came back to the middle of the table. He scored another in-off into the centre pocket, his ball shooting off the red at an angle of nearly ninety degrees as if it had been catapulted by an unseen force.

The first shot that I tried was an easy cannon off the red. I missed the far side of the crack ball by about nine inches.

"The balls do not seem to behave like ordinary balls," I said, carefully chalking the projecting tip with blackboard chalk.

"Well, as a matter of fact, I meant to tell you," said Baxter. "The red ball is heavier than the others, and they come off it very square. You have to make allowances, but you'll soon get used to it."

"Tell me, Baxter," said Cox, "did you collect these balls over a period of years or did you arrive at them simultaneously?"

"It's rather funny watching people's faces when they play

against the red for the first time," said Baxter.

"Heh, heh," I said.

I potted the red and put it on the spot. Another fairly easy shot off the red awaited me, but just as my ball was about to strike the red the latter side-stepped.

"Why did it do that?" I said, as one who seeks after knowledge for its own sake.

"It's haunted," suggested Cox.

"I forgot to tell you," said Baxter. "There seems to be a bit of a hump round that spot, or else the spot itself sticks up. If you are not careful the red rolls off. The vibrations set up by your striking the cue-ball are enough to set it going. You'll soon get used to it."

Although still well behind I seemed to be about to collect quite a useful little break when the next mishap occurred. In attempting an easy but forceful cannon my ball struck the cushion near a pocket and bounded over the edge through an open window.

"Lucky you had the window open," said Cox.

"Oh, I always open that window when I play billiards," said Baxter. "I forgot to tell you, but I think there's something wrong with the cushion about there. If you play the ball hard it always goes over the top."

"You'll soon get used to it," said Cox.

Two shots later one of Baxter's balls rolled along the cushion and fell into the pocket.

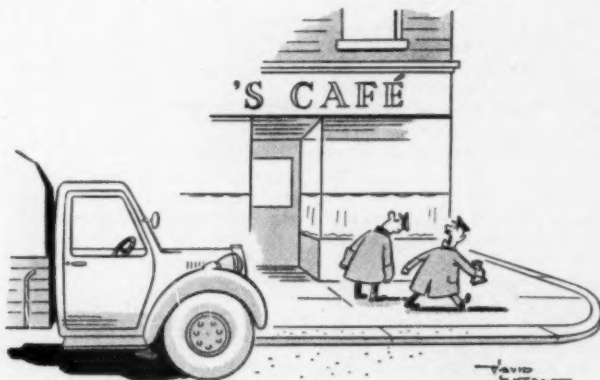
"A remarkable shot," said Cox. "You did it by putting side on the ball, no doubt?"

"Well, no," admitted Baxter. "As a matter of fact the table leans over slightly in this corner and the shot's pretty easy. This table's a bit tricky for the first game, but you'll soon get used to it."

"I will not get used to it," I said.

"It took me years to get used to billiards, and it would take me equally long to get used to the game you play on this table."

"Yes," said Cox, "it's a shame. I once saw him make a break of nine on an ordinary table."



"No, not that one, Fred. You've to pay for that funny bit over the 'E'."



"Two gentlemen from the furniture company called, but they didn't leave a message."

BOOKING OFFICE

Preacher, President, Prophet

"A" QUEERISH, black-looking chap," William Morris, his hero, wrote of Robert Blatchford, who began life among strolling players, became a sergeant in the Army, helped to found the I.L.P., shook England with his simple, honest journalism, and died in 1943, still a spirited rebel, at the age of ninety-one. The Webbs described him once as "perhaps the most influential man in the party." Chesterton said of him "very few intellectual swords have left such a mark on our time, have cut so deep, or remained so clean." He had Dutch and Italian blood, but his ideal was a Little England. Ferociously independent and personally generous, he was altogether a refreshing character to find among the bleak solemnities of the early Socialists, and the man himself steps out boldly from Mr. Laurence Thompson's *Robert Blatchford: Portrait of an Englishman*.

His horror at the Manchester slums drove him into furious attack on the existing order, but though he founded "The Clarion" and created a storm with his best-selling "Merrie England" his distrust of politicians and his belief that freedom could come only through education, by slow degrees, carried him further and further away from the main stream of Socialism. To earnest puritans like Keir Hardie his gusto for life was

incomprehensible, his conviction that poor people needed more pleasure rather shocking. Shaw thought him politically childish; his robust reply was that "Shaw is deceived by a mental, moral and artistic squint. . . . He is like a man made after supper out of one of Ibsen's plays." His writing was often careless, but it had warmth and power; "horse-sense in tinker's English," he called it, with a humility he sometimes lacked. Fundamentally religious, he was driven into agnosticism by his anger at the intolerance he discovered in the churches. He never ceased to be the old soldier. His urgent warnings in 1908 about the military intentions of the Kaiser drew from Winston Churchill, curious as it now seems, the label of "a nonsensical jingo." And again it was the old soldier who wrote later to the editor of a Sunday paper which asked him to note that Lloyd George had arrived under its umbrella: "Dear Sir, I note that Lloyd George is your man now. Will you please note that Robert Blatchford is his own man." This characteristic gesture lost him two thousand a year. Mr. Thompson, the son of his closest colleague, is a Socialist, but he describes with humorous detachment Blatchford's long battle with the party, and the portrait, done effectively in homely colours, was worth painting.

The local machinery of United States politics is as baffling to us as the rules of cricket to an American. English readers of Mr. Jonathan Daniels' life of President Truman, *The Man of Independence*, may find the tortuous analysis of party manoeuvres hard going. From County Judge to Senator Mr. Truman was backed by the Democratic boss of Kansas City, Tom Pendergast, a dubious character to whom he stayed loyal while remaining, as his bitterest enemies admit, completely honest. Pendergast's strange empire collapsed when he went to prison. It is interesting that when Truman met Stalin he exclaimed "Stalin is as near like Tom Pendergast as any man I know." The President's early years were a gruelling education in the minds of his countrymen; as farmer, haberdasher, mining speculator, judge and fighting soldier he was learning all the time about America. When he reached the Senate in 1934 he had made a reputation as a first-class administrator, and when at the beginning of the war he headed the investigation into armament costs he successfully applied the principles he had proved in Missouri. He comes out of this rather wordy but painstaking biography as modest, stubborn and shrewd, a man of integrity who has adapted himself surprisingly to a gigantic task.

Mr. Vincent Brome's *H. G. Wells* is disappointing because it tells us little new about its subject, and is irritating because it goes out of its way to dilate on Wells' love affairs, in a fulsome manner punctuated by such owlish phrases as "early emotional malnutrition." Pages which read like a Freudian gossip column fail to sharpen the outline of greatness. Mr. Brome has some good things to say about Wells the author, but the total impression given by the book is that there is too much guesswork in its method.

ERIC KEOWN



"Hurry up or you'll miss it."

Italiana

After his travels as a war correspondent Mr. Alan Moorehead settled down for a couple of years at *The Villa Diana* outside Florence. During this breather he wrote a number of sketches of post-war Italy and a biographical essay on Poliziano, one of the villa's most distinguished occupants. The style of these ingeniously chosen glimpses of the stresses of reconstruction and of the continuing characteristics of Italian history is smoothly varied and effortlessly appropriate; behind it is an ecumenical mind ceaselessly at work. By the time you have glided through these readable, casual pages you imagine you have a solid grasp of Italy's past, present and future. The great special correspondents of the past twenty years, who, like Defoe, enter literature at the tradesmen's entrance, have made us one of the best-informed generations in history and, rather dangerously, made us feel much better informed than we are. Mr. Osbert Lancaster's illustrations are suitably light in tone and illuminating in content.

R. G. G. P.

Iron Curtain Around the Vatican

Paul Blanshard, in *Freedom and Catholic Power*, chooses to examine the Roman Catholic community in America in the manner more commonly reserved for some *Awfuls Organisation* or Communist Party. He makes out—with apparent fairness—that its members owe their highest allegiance elsewhere than to their own nation; that they suppress or “cook” knowledge which they find embarrassing; that they enforce their own rules of conduct, with severe penalties for deviation, and account the laws of their Church a higher code than the laws of their country. His arguments, assembled chiefly from Catholic literature, are reasonably and cogently presented—though the un-American reader will remain aloof from his implicit condemnation of Catholicism for being un-American. What, however, he has overlooked in his determination to unearth the Iron Curtain around the Vatican is the fact that, even if the dangers exist which he postulates, in practice the qualities required of a good Catholic are also those required of a good citizen.

B. A. Y.

Black Bread to White

The exultations and agonies of growing up in Paris and Soho, as the child of an overworked sempstress and a highly “meridional” labourer, are the main pre-occupation of *The Little Madeleine*. Madeleine's world is a world of exploited women, the underpaid, underfed ministrants to the industry of pleasure. Being Mrs. Robert Henry's youthful autobiography, it is a success story; and it sees the baby out-at-nurse return to confront its Paris and London with a minimum of schooling (indifferently Catholic and Protestant), a factory typist at fourteen and a beauty specialist in the Savoy at twenty. Only once does Mrs. Henry

voice the regret that “so much skill was not employed to more useful ends.” More characteristically she picks the brains of a New York publisher while manœuvring his hands, having the typical French zest for using up the most unpromising material. This is a sadder and a wiser book than the Norman farm series, and much more engrossing.

H. F. E.

Byways of Opera

The title of this book at first suggests the discomforts of a crick in the neck and the impact of the orchestral brass in one's right ear. *A Front Seat at the Opera* proves, however, to be an entertaining series of essays on the byways of operatic history, a veritable museum of out-of-the-way facts and opinions—an ideal bedside book for the opera-lover. It also caters for those who go to the opera because it is the Thing To Do (a type fortunately far less common nowadays in London than it seems to be in New York). Starting with the axiom “If the tenor is not famous the opera can't be good” Mr. Marek goes on to advise them never to arrive punctually, always to applaud immediately the tenor has run out of breath on the high C, and to be sure to leave before great moments like the *Liebestod*.



There are also useful hints on when to flash a torch, strike matches and talk. Among the gems of the book is Tchaikovsky's account of the first Bayreuth Festival, where the problem of one's next meal quite overshadowed "The Ring" in importance. Even better is the poet Heine's description of Bellini, composer of "Norma," who had, it seems, a "milk-like face," clothes that "fitted so languishly (*sic*) round his delicate body" and a walk "so innocent, so airy, so sentimental" that he "looked like a sigh in pumps and silk stockings." It comes as something of a shock to learn that this ethereal being maltreated his wife and was exceedingly mean.

D. C. B.

Victory of the Goths

Surveying *Nineteenth Century Architecture in Britain* Mr. Reginald Turnor traces "the transition from classicism through the Gothic Revival to decay, death, and the signs of new life." He assumes, surely not unreasonably, that architecture as an art must be judged by aesthetic not moral or religious standards. We do not consider the Parthenon a bad building because it was built by pagans with slave labour. But this sort of judgment was explicit in the teaching of those stalwart champions of the Goths—Augustus Welby Pugin and John Ruskin. To neither of these does our author deny genius (misplaced, *bien entendu*), but he picks

out many delightful pieces of nonsense from their writings for our derision. To sum up the matter (too briefly to be fair to the author): the century that began under the architectural direction of such men as Soane, Basevi, Nash, the Cockerells, Robert Adam, Smirke, Decimus Burton, came to be dominated by Gilbert Scott, Street, Butterfield and Waterhouse. The "signs of life" began with Philip Webb and Norman Shaw, not uninfluenced by William Morris. A well-written, lively book admirably illustrated and produced.

J. P. T.

The Princess and the Peasant To-day

Idyllic young love, romance pure and very simple, in our hard-boiled unlovely days is what Miss Edith Pargeter offers us in *Lost Children*. Here is the great house, of execrable architecture but a monument to pride, as it was built by one of an ancient, more than aristocratic, family; here a woman so old as to have become a legend, and another so young as to seem nothing but her chattel; and they alone, of that great family, remain. This girl is our princess, her peasant lover a lad from the neighbouring Army camp, reared in an orphanage, unable to identify his own father. They love beautifully and, with the help of a slum girl, a bomb-aiming G.I. and others, find happiness. Miss Pargeter sometimes forgets that though wit and wisdom are indigenous their perfect expression is a question of cultivation, and rather cheats by making her soldier a talented artist, but it is a delightful, an entrancing story.

B. E. S.



"Omnia (except Cup Final tickets) Supply Company. Good morning."

Books Reviewed Above

Robert Blatchford: Portrait of an Englishman. Laurence Thompson. (Gollancz, 16/-)

The Man of Independence. Jonathan Daniels. (Gollancz, 16/-)

H. G. Wells. Vincent Bromo. (Longmans, 15/-)

The Villa Diana. Alan Moorehead. (Hamish Hamilton, 10/6)

Freedom and Catholic Power. Paul Blanshard. (Secker and Warburg, 16/-)

The Little Madeleine. Mrs. Robert Henry. (Dent, 12/6)

A Front Seat at the Opera. George R. Marek. (Harrap, 10/6)

Nineteenth Century Architecture in Britain. Reginald Turnor. (Batsford, 21/-)

Lost Children. Edith Pargeter. (Heinemann, 12/6)

Other Recommended Books

A Bird's-Eye View of World History. René Sédillot. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. (Harrap, 12/6) Incredibly short and packed perspective of the centuries, from prehistoric man to the present day, genuinely readable as a narrative and—no matter how experts may argue about details—very useful in providing a framework on which the ordinary half-ignorant reader may build.

The Malay Magician. R. O. Winstedt. (Routledge, 14/-) Serious anthropological study of the prevalence of magic in Malaya, of particular importance in view of current political developments in those parts. A greatly expanded version of a work originally published in 1925.

Simple Speaks His Mind. Langston Hughes. (Gollancz, 9/6) Charming, astringent Negro dialogues in which down-to-earth Harlem philosophy is dispensed in the idiom of the Two Black Crows. More than merely amusing.

RACONTEUR

"WHILE we're waiting," Cora said, "tell them that amusing little story you heard the other day."

"Just pull that chair round to the fire *there*," said Irma, "and then the sofa can . . . That's better."

"A woman heard peculiar noises in the middle of the night," I said, "and woke her husband."

"Excuse me," said Rodney, "aren't you sitting on the nut-crackers?"

I gave him the nut-crackers, and a pack of cards, and two little pencils with tassels, and Mr. and Mrs. Whimper came in.

"Ah!" said Rodney. "I think you know everyone."

"You're just in time to hear a funny story," said Irma. "Don't sit there, Mrs. Whimper, you'll hardly see the fire."

"A lady heard a noise in the night, wasn't it?" said Rodney.

"Well, yes," I said. "She heard this peculiar noise, you see, and woke her husband."

Mrs. Whimper laughed reminiscently, and told Rodney she would prefer just plain chocolate, as she had gone off nuts somehow.

"That fire could do with poking," said old Mr. Rimmer, and went to sleep again.

"So she said to her husband 'Harry, there are burglars in the house!'" I said.

"I thought his name was Albert when you told it to me," said Cora.

"Ah!" said Rodney, standing up and giving me the nut-crackers and the pack of cards and the two little pencils with tassels. "Here's Mrs. Harvey! Is Johnny with you?"

"Finding a hook for his duffle-coat," said Mrs. Harvey. "Now I don't want to be *too* near the fire, so please none of you disturb yourselves."

She sat on the nut-crackers, and knocked the cards on to the floor.

"We were just hearing a story," said Mrs. Whimper, arranging Whimper's pocket handkerchief.

"A lady," I said, bending to pick up the cards, "heard noises in the night, and woke her husband. She told him she thought there were burglars in the house."

"There's the three of spades, by old Mr. Rimmer's foot," said Cora. "Go on."

"The husband," I said, "was a nervous type of man, and he rushed downstairs to the telephone in the hall."

"Can't you picture him," said Mrs. Whimper: "in his dressing-gown!"

"Well, well, well!" said Johnny, striding in and banging the door and slapping Rodney on the back.

"Is everybody happy?"

"Can you find a chair?" said Irma. "Rodney—drinks."

"Bless my soul," said old Mr. Rimmer, opening one eye and kicking over the fire-irons, "there's the devil of a draught coming from *somewhere*."

"You must hear this story," said Mrs. Whimper.

"Ha! Story, eh?" said Johnny.

"Awakened by his wife who had heard a burglar," I said, very slowly and distinctly, "a man rushed to the telephone in the middle of the night, and dialled nine-nine-nine."

"Just plain gin for you?" said Rodney.

I nodded, and he handed me a whisky and ginger-ale.

"I thought I was sitting on something," said Mrs. Harvey, and handed me the nut-crackers. I put my drink on the arm of Cora's chair, handed the cards to Irma, stuffed the nut-crackers in my waistcoat pocket, refused a home-made date-surprise, and swallowed Mr. Whimper's rum and lemon at a gulp.

At this point Humblestone arrived, shaking with laughter, and Irma began to wrestle with card-tables.

"Before you do anything," said Humblestone, standing right in front of the fire and wiping his eyes, "have any of you heard about the bloke who dialled six-six-six instead of nine-nine-nine, and when he opened the door there were three policemen standing on their heads?"

They all had—even old Mr. Rimmer—and I chuckled to myself for the rest of the evening.

"Householders are still active in the Stroud district and the local police had a busy week-end dealing with complaints and trying to trace the offenders, so far without success."—*Gloucester paper*

What are they up to now? Breathing?



Hollowood

"Well, that settles it—it is slightly flatter at the poles."

THE CRITIC

MY mother wrote and thanked me for the snapshots. She said that if my living away from home meant that she never met most of my friends then it was a *very good thing* to have snapshots.

Who was the young man with what seemed to be a moustache? He reminded my mother of the dining-car attendant who upset soup in her lap when she and my father went on their honeymoon. Tomato soup. He was very rude and my mother hadn't forgotten it. Did I know the young man well? It was a blue suit.

Who was the girl patting the dog in sandals and slacks? She looked a nice, sensible girl. My mother was glad I knew a nice, sensible girl like that. My mother would bet anything she was sensible about food and wasn't systematically starving herself to death as I was. What pretty hair she had.

My mother didn't like the girl with her, though. No, she didn't like her a bit. My father wondered how long I had known her and hoped we weren't very friendly. My mother had said to him: "I wonder how long she has known her; I hope they aren't very friendly, don't you?" And my father said: "Yes."

What a nice young man that was, sitting in the car with a horse. That was a very good photograph.

Was that Jim? My mother had always liked the sound of Jim. She had said to my father only last week: "I like the sound of Jim." It was nice the way he was photographed with the horse. She always liked a young man who liked horses. She had once nearly married a man who liked horses. It was a good thing to marry a man who liked something like horses or did something like golf because there were so many other things that he wouldn't have time for, unless, of course, that was what he was really doing all the time.

It was very funny, my mother continued, but in one of the photographs I seemed to be wearing a scarf that looked very like one she had. And, as a matter of fact, she hadn't been able to find that scarf lately. Wasn't that funny?

Was that my new coat I was wearing? It seemed a very nice coat, but would I mind if she said something? It made me look too old. She didn't want me to worry about it and not wear it, because it looked *all right*. But next time I should buy something younger. It was extraordinary the way I seemed to want to look old. When I was older I would laugh when I saw myself now.

What on earth had I done to my hair? My mother had never seen

anything like it. It was all very well to be fashionable, but what good was it if nobody could bear to look at me? Why didn't I wear my hair like the nice girl and the dog? It was a pity I couldn't find some nice style and stick to it. Every time she saw me my hair was different and she simply never knew what to expect. Sometimes I looked fifteen and sometimes I looked fifty.

Really, my mother concluded, my friends looked quite nice. She couldn't deny she was surprised, just a little, because I could be incredibly silly at times, and London, after all, was London. Any big city was. But at least these people in the photographs didn't look the kind who would drink methylated spirits all night in cellars. And that, my mother thought, was something.

6 6

FRANKLY...

The triolet I wrote was rotten,

The first line was the best one in it,

And that one wasn't such a hot 'un.

The triolet I wrote was rotten,

I only want the thing forgotten

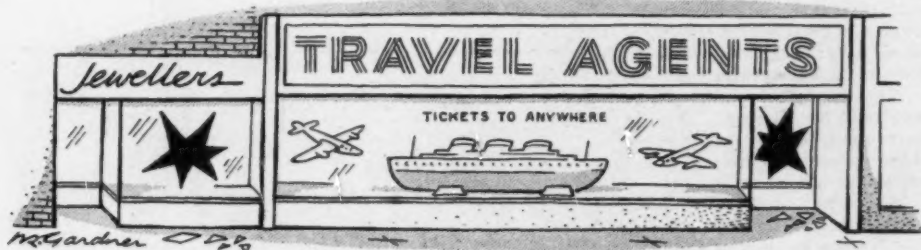
(I will forget it in a minute).

The triolet I wrote was rotten,

The first line was the best one

in it.

J. B. BOOTHROYD



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P.21

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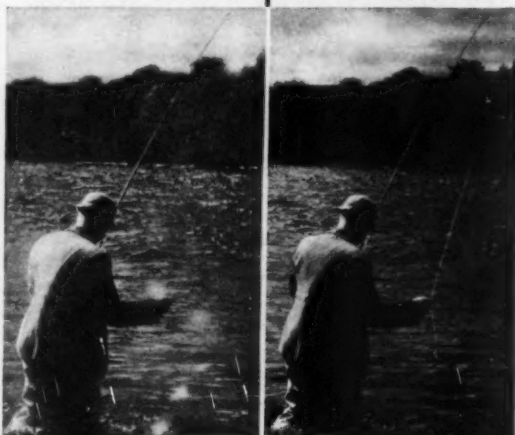
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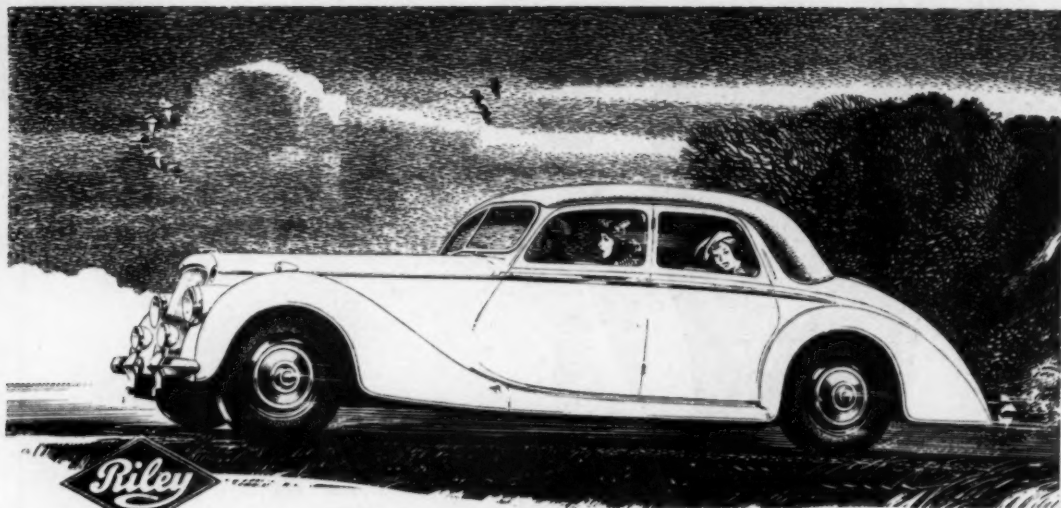
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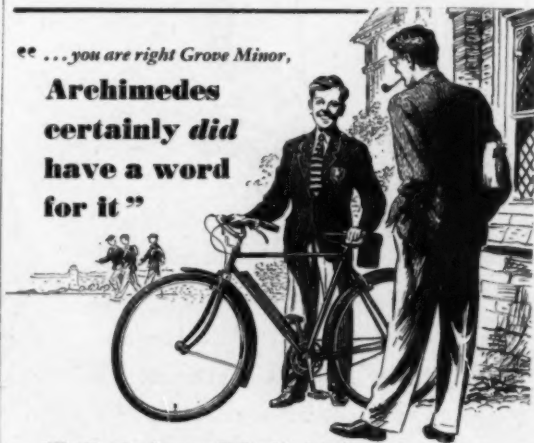
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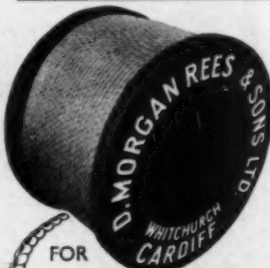
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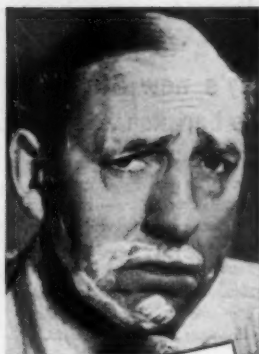
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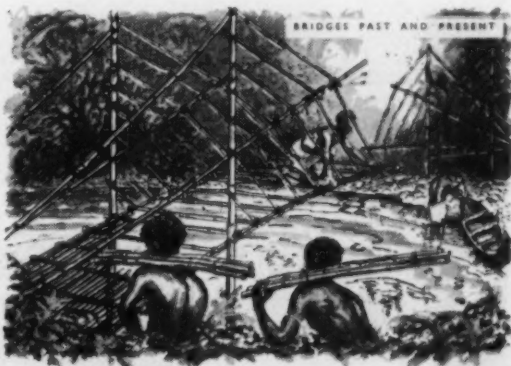
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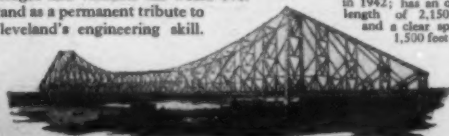
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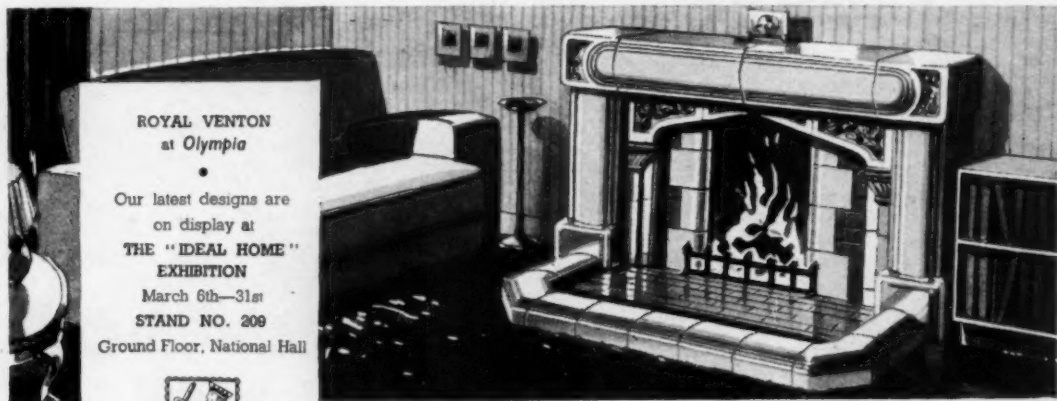
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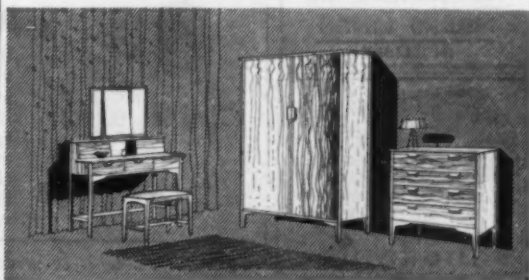
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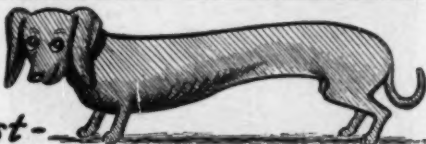
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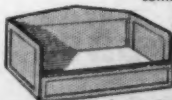
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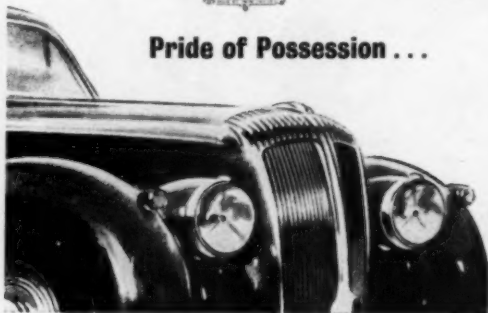
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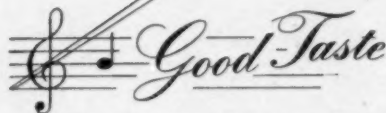


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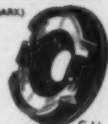
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says Mr. A. J. PEGG, O.B.E., pilot of the
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'Bill' Pegg, with 4690 hours' flying and 25 years' motoring to his credit, believes in experience. And no other tyre manufacturer in the world can rival the experience of Dunlop.

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